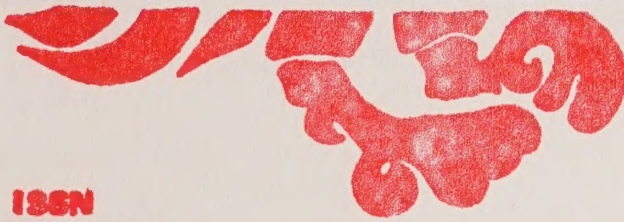


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THE COMMUNICATOR



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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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A number of questions have been directed at the COMMUNICATOR staff over the last few months that should be answered. The answers to these questions are the basis to the COMMUNICATOR'S editorial policy, its reason for existing, its hopes for the future, and the thread that binds one issue into another. That binding thread is a flexible and pliant one; namely, the ideal of communication, for it is with communication that human beings touch one another, and what we hope to communicate is the fact that we are people who do relate to other human beings, but because the circumstances are the way they are (namely the prison environment) we do often get seen as something less than human.

The COMMUNICATOR makes no appologies to or for anyone. Which is just another way of saying that we believe that people should have the right to speak for themselves instead of having to rely on other's opinions about them. Freeman don't know us but many assume that they do. The COMMUNICATOR strives to give others a look into our thinking, our feelings, our opinions, and our lives through reading articals poems, and short stories as written by those who have a greater understanding of our environment. the COMMUNICATOR offers prisoners and freemen alike, the opportunity to express himself through the writing medium, and this is our major justifications for our existence.

The COMMUNICATOR will publish all materials that relate to the prison experience, so don't just read the COMMUNICATOR, write the COMMUNICATOR, now. What do you like about this publication, what don't you like? What are your thoughts and viewpoints on the Canadian criminal justice system? More importantly, isn't there something you'd like to say and/or do about the sorely needed changes necessary in the penitentiary system,

Without your comments, support, and involvement, the impetus for positive change is lost. With all the controversy concerning the Special handling unit, Mandatory supervision, prisoners rights, etc, appearing in the "free" media today and molding public opinion accordingly, but not necessarily accurately, we definately feel that alternative sources of information should be widely and readily available to the public to offset the increasing government influence and control of the news media. We believe that the message that we are trying to deliver is no less important and no less credible then those expounded in the other publications and media sources. We need your help in getting our message across to a broader segment of the "free" public. Pass this copy around to your family and friends, find out what they are thinking and feeling, then sit down and write us a letter. Only you can put our Letter to the editor section into business, while at the same time making the COMMUNICATOR a medium for dialog and not just a voice from out of the wilderness.

As we await your replies, until next time, remember-don't just read the COMMUNICATOR, write the COMMUNICATOR.

Looking forward to looking forward with you,

"THE COMMUNICATOR STAFF"

COMMUNICATOR STAFF

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CENSORSHIP within these pages used to allow characters in the fiction section to speak as they do in real life; but, times have changed and we are no longer permitted to use what some people term vulgar language, although we can continue to describe the vulgarity that is prison. "FOUR-LETTER" words, except ones like kill, hate, beat, dead, time, rape, Hole, jail, rule, pain, fear, and the n-i-s-y that goes with hypocrisy, even if they are in the dictionary, will not be seen again. We will go along with this newest rule while we feel we are getting some of the things said which need saying.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

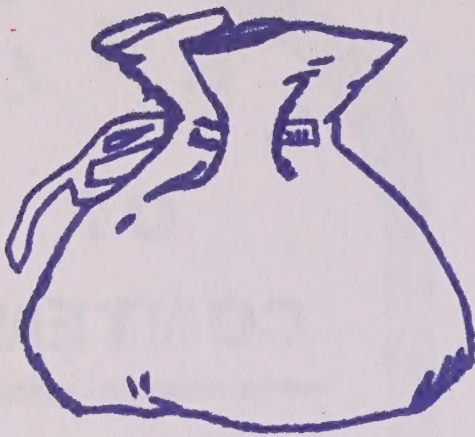
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IN THE BAG

Kevin Kelly
47-08, 31 Avenue, #2-D
Astoria, New York, 11103

The Communicator
P.O. Box 2140
Springhill, Nova Scotia
B0M 1X0

Att: Bob Eby, Editor

Dear Bob,

On January 2, 1981, I received word from you that two of my poems "This Time for the State" & "Within/Without" were going to be Published in a future issue of The Communicator.

I want to thank you for the other issues you've been sending me. I really enjoyed reading them. There's so much talent behind bars, I'm sad to say.

Also, thank you for the consideration (and compliments) that you gave my work. Take care!



Sincerely,
Kevin Kelly

Dear Bob:

It was great to receive those copies of your newsletter. The print design and use of color paper is really effective. It definitely makes the newsletter more appealing.

I also enjoyed the poetry. As with all poetry I've read in these newsletters there is much depth and meaning relayed. A true recreation of human thought - what could be more vivid than that?

We'll keep up the good work and keep on informing the public. Each person aware of your publication in turn makes others aware --- and public knowledge is definitely the most important detail when dealing with Canadian institutions.

Sincerely,
Trina Perry

Automatic Parole For Prisoners— A Short Road Back To Jail?

Toronto Star

When Henry William MacDonald walked out of prison three months ago he had one desire — to go home to his family in the small Southern Ontario city of Brantford.

At 30 he had a long criminal past, and when he had come up for parole after serving a third of his most recent four-year sentence on two charges of assault he had been turned down because authorities considered him too dangerous to society.

Now he had served two thirds of his sentence and was out under a law that sets everyone except convicted killers free at that stage of their terms if they have kept out of trouble in prison.

The only catch for Henry MacDonald was that the same parole authorities who had denied him freedom earlier now had the power, under a system known as mandatory supervision, to impose conditions on how he must live and revoke his freedom if he didn't meet them. One condition was that he live in a half-way house in London, Ont., 92 kilometres (57 miles) from his family, where he was to seek psychiatric treatment.

Henry MacDonald went home anyway. In early October, his liberty came to an end — solely because of his refusal to live where he was told.

His family says that he was causing no trouble in Brantford. Police say that they didn't even know he was in town until they were issued a warrant to arrest him.

Henry MacDonald was sent back to prison — to Millhaven, the most violent of Canada's penitentiaries — where once more he began counting the days until he would again have to be released.

He didn't make it. On Nov. 24 he was found fatally stabbed in his cell.

Death has made Henry MacDonald a dramatic example of the failures of a 10-year-old piece of prison reform known as mandatory supervision. Had he lived, he would have been just another name among hundreds caught in what critics describe as a revolving door of automatic release and predictable return.

Law professor H. R. S. Ryan, a strong supporter of mandatory supervision when it was introduced, says now that Ottawa should scrap it and go back to the pre 1970 system of outright release of well behaved prisoners who have served two-thirds of their time.

The federal government at the time presented the program as an extension of the parole system, arguing that because supervision and counselling had worked so well for parolees the same kind of services could help those previously released with no strings attached.

But Prof. Ryan says mandatory supervision "does not either effectively assist the person under supervision in rehabilitation or effectively provide control of his behavior."

Other critics agree that the present system is a failure, for a variety of reasons.

Prisoners released under mandatory supervision are the most difficult to rehabilitate, and they often resent supervision by the same parole service that kept them in prison as long as the law allowed. Some critics say that fact alone doomed the program from the start.

Prisoners consider that they have earned their freedom and often are hauled back behind bars for petty reasons, which increase their hostility. But prison guards say that the concept of earning "good time" — 15 days off a sentence for every month of satisfactory conduct — is a hoax and only major violations such as assaulting a guard effect the time of release.

Police, parole officers and lawyers question how prisoners considered too dangerous for parole can earn an early release — sometimes straight out of maximum security prison, or even from solitary confinement or special handling units used to control extremely dangerous criminals.

Some critics say not enough is being done to prepare prisoners for release and ensure that they make the transition back into society when they go free. Parole officials say they do what they can but are reduced to little more than surveillance work because of the convict's hostility toward parole officers.

Lawyers are especially critical of the seemingly arbitrary and haphazard way in which freedom under mandatory supervision is often revoked. Closed hearings, acceptance of accusations by unnamed sources and denial of representation by a lawyer, they argue, are intolerable practices that must cease.

Last year, 2,594 convicts were released on mandatory supervision after serving at least two-thirds of their sentence. Of these, 46 per cent were sent back, including more than 500 who had committed no new crime.

They were returned for one or several of a wide variety of reasons: personal differences with a parole officer, not reporting regularly, drinking alcohol, being out of a designated area (usually with a radius of 40 kilometres - 25 miles) without permission, borrowing money, buying on the instalment plan, buying a car or taking on responsibilities such as a wife without approval from the National Parole service.

Some were sent back for suspected or anticipated misconduct — suspicion by parole officials that they might be getting into trouble but without evidence that would stand up in a court of law. The parole service views this as "preventive action" for the safety of the community.

A total of 670 convicts were returned for committing offences, but federal Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan says that many of these were for summary offences such as shop lifting or traffic violations such as speeding.

The Criminal Lawyers Association says the concern that led to creation of the mandatory supervision system was well founded, "but the remedy has failed. It is our submission that this costly, unworkable and counterproductive program must be terminated at once."

The allocation has recommended in a brief to the government that mandatory supervision be replaced by a system of gradual release, under which "sentences imposed by a court would be certain and fixed, subject only to parole. The public and the prisoners alike would know that a three year sentence meant three years, and the complex and easily abused system of awarding time off a sentence for conduct within prison would be eliminated."

The statistics on mandatory supervision stand in sharp contrast to those for prisoners released under the regular parole system because officials consider them ready for a return to society.

Last year, only 22 per cent of the 2,641 paroles granted were revoked — in two thirds of the cases because the parolee committed a new offence, and in the other third because conditions of release were broken.

Those on regular parole have to live with the same sort of supervision given those released on mandatory supervision.

The difference, according to many of those interviewed by the Globe and Mail, is the attitude of the supervisor and the supervised under mandatory release system.

Conditions must be agreed to by parolees before they can gain their freedom, but simply are imposed arbitrarily on the mandatory release prisoners. For its part the parole service has no say in whether a prisoner goes free when his earned release rolls around, but has to accept the man's freedom and the responsibility for supervising it.

Prisoners say the cards are stacked against them from the moment they hit the streets, and that the consequences of mandatory supervision are a self-fulfilling prophecy.

A brief prepared by the Odyssey Group of prisoners in Millhaven says denial of full parole "leads to situations in which there is explicit expectation of criminality from mandatory parolees by supervisors.

"Ex-prisoners are perceived as extremely high risks and are treated accordingly. . . This violates the innocent-until-proven-guilty principle of legal procedure, lowering still further the legitimacy of the mandatory supervision system."

For many prisoners, the central problem is the arbitrary loss of "good time." They feel that they have earned the time off their sentences, and that no one should be able to take that away by imposing conditions on their release that they are unlikely to meet.

George Watson, a convict at Collins Bay prison near Kingston, says: "A prisoner earns his remission by obeying rules and regulations, and works in many cases at a job he despises.

"He is not granted full parole and when the time for his release comes, he finds himself being controlled by the parole service under conditions that paroled prisoners have to obey and can be returned to prison without committing a criminal offence."

Mr. Watson says mandatory supervision "alienates and angers offenders by taking away remission time which they have earned."

He also warned that if earned remission is taken away "every prison in Canada will become a parking lot. What would be the incentive to work or refrain from telling prison staff to do the work themselves and shove their rules and regulations?"

Prison guards and police, however, argue that the present system of remission is a farce. Guards say it is so cumbersome and complex to work out the time off deserved by Canada's 10,000 convicts that freedom after two-thirds of the sentence is rarely denied.

One guard asked: "If an inmate really did earn his good time, it wouldn't make sense that he graduated through the system from maximum, to medium, to minimum security?"

"But all an inmate has to do is just mind his own business and basically keep his nose clean. . . It doesn't matter how rotten he is. The way it's dished out, good time is nothing but a big joke."

For the police, the problem starts when the convict hits the streets.

At a recent conference sponsored by the John Howard Society, Superintendent Michael Coulis of the Metro Toronto Police said mandatory supervision is a "misnomer because there is relatively no supervision whatsoever."

Supt. Coulis said he would like to see a review of the law "to the effect that every person that is released from an institution (before his sentence is up) would be released as a conscious undertaking by the parole board. In other words, they would be the sole releasing authority."

David Arbuckle, executive director of the John Howard Society in Toronto, said that the intense hatred for the parole service felt by those on mandatory supervision, built up as they were repeatedly denied parole, means the ex-prisoners for the most part co-operate as little as possible.

Although mandatory supervision was intended to offer the same opportunities as full parole, Mr. Arbuckle said, "no serious case preparation is done with guys coming out on mandatory supervision."

"What chance does a guy have who is under-educated, under-trained and who's been in prison for a long time with little community contact? All he is given is gate money and a bus ticket to wherever he is going in Canada and that's it."

Mr. Arbuckle said that if a convict is to be given time off his sentence for good behavior "then it should be his time. Let him be."

However, he does not believe convicts should go straight into the community with no preparation. He supports a program under which prisoners would move into a special residential setting for a time before going free.

Mr. Arbuckle said the basic problem with the governments' approach to correcting criminal behavior is that "they have no policy. There is no way they can say rehabilitation does not work because they haven't tried it."

Officials of the National Parole Service say they cannot discuss certain aspects of mandatory supervision because of a major departmental study of all early release programs now underway.

Fraser McVie, acting director of case management for the parole service, said "the opinion at the department level is on hold because of the study. We are cognizant of the issues and the problems that are there."

Drew Allen, acting chief of community operations for the parole service, talked about some day to day problems of mandatory supervision, and said the ex-convicts themselves are largely to blame.

"In many cases, they do not want supervision. They don't want to be bothered, so they meet only the basic technical requirements of the program."

"With the nature of the release, there are more cases where an individual is not interested in developing a rapport with his supervisor."

"A lot of them (convicts) see us as the people who denied them parole. They see it as sort of hypocritical that we are trying to help them now and come back with comments like, 'where were you when I wanted parole?' Because of these attitudes our work is reduced to surveillance and police checks. What else can we do under the circumstances?"

Mr. Allan dismissed allegations that convicts are being returned for petty infractions. When you're talking to individuals who have had their mandatory supervision revoked, I assume they would all say it was for a minor offence.

"I would say the decision was carefully reached after many warnings. . . We give the individual every opportunity to succeed."

Lawyers say that if a convict doesn't think the cards are stacked against him when he gets out he certainly will by the time he goes through the process of having his freedom revoked.

At a hearing, if the man bothers to ask for one (many prisoners don't because they feel it's a waste of time), he is permitted to have a lawyer and the proceedings are closed to the public.

David Cole, a criminal lawyer in Toronto, said that he finds it objectionable that the accused at such hearings "are as yet not entitled to legal counsel. It should be done as a matter of equity. The parole board is moving towards that."

William Outerbridge, chairman of the National Parole Board, said that early next year the board will implement two important procedural safeguards.

"One will allow an inmate to bring someone to an hearing as an assistant to speak on his behalf."

SO THIS IS 'EARNED' FREEDOM!

Extract from Toronto Star

A week ago Friday, in Provincial Courtroom 42 at Old City Hall — on the 54th day of his "hunger strike" — a Don Jail inmate named Daniel John Borland was acquitted of the criminal charges which had put him behind bars.

Back on April 26, when police responded to an alleged dangerous weapon incident outside the Royal Oak Tavern on Dundas St. E., Borland, a.k.a. John Matta, was spotted on the hotel's roof, wielding what Police believed was a buck knife.

When the 22-year-old Borland was taken away that day in handcuffs, he weighed, according to his own estimation, about 155 pounds.

But, in front of Judge H. E. Zimmerman on the 26th of June, he tipped the scales at 124 pounds — the end result of 54 days on a diet of three glasses of powdered fruit juices a day.

After a three-hour trial that morning, defence attorney J. David Gorrell convinced Zimmerman that Borland was wielding, not a knife, but the handle of a paint roller. And, what he had just finished doing was not an assault, but a paint job at the Royal Oak in return for free room and board.

But, at the moment of his arrest, Borland was nevertheless caught up in the system. He was a recently-released resident of Millhaven Penitentiary and a man on the controversial mandatory parole system, a system in which a prisoner supposedly "earns" his release by doing "good time" for two-thirds of his term. The controversy surrounds the stringent requirements which, in essence, are the same as a prisoner paroled when only a third of his time has been completed.

ONLY HOPE

Being charged, therefore, meant breaking parole and breaking parole meant being behind bars again without even a long shot's hope at bail.

His only hope of protest, in his mind's eye at least, was to enter into a well-scripted fast — a fast he called a hunger strike in letters he wrote to everyone from the prime minister to law professors and, in the end, to this office.

What he got, he claims, were responses from the media and the professors — but not a single word or visit from penitentiary, correctional services or parole authorities.

In a sense, therefore, his fast could be considered in vain and his 30-plus demands for penal reform nothing more than a waste of paper.

A LETTER

On June 3, Queen's University Law Professor Allan Manson wrote to Borland at the Don.

"Regrettably," he said, "the solicitor-general's task force on mandatory supervision has recommended that it be maintained.

"In light of my lack of optimism as to reform in the near future, I urge you to consider ending your hunger strike. You have demonstrated that you possess the courage of your convictions.

"I would not wish, however, that you become a further victim in this struggle."

But Borland continued his fast until June 26, the day Zimmerman set him free.

"I question the word 'freedom,' Borland said, pointing to his companion, his recent Millhaven cell-mate Roger Menard, a 28-year-old former break-and-enter artist who served out his parole in jail while doing time on unrelated charges.

"The police could walk in here and scoop me right now for association with a known criminal.

"But who else do I know on the outside?" he asked. "I've spent 12 of my 22-years in jails of some kind — from training school to Millhaven.

"Under the terms of my mandatory parole, I cannot marry without permission, get a loan without permission, move without permission, travel 25 miles outside the city without permission or buy a vehicle without permission.

"If my release from Millhaven was 'earned' then what kind of freedom is this? I know many an inmate who has refused his mandatory release because the requirements are so restrictive that they are almost afraid to breath."

Borland, now entering another phase of activism by seeking support from university law professors opposed to the mandatory parole system, maintains that his "hunger strike" did have an effect.

"Ottawa knows all about me now. . .if only through the media," he said.

"But I also have a goal in life now," he said, "and that goal is to change a system that is crippling the spirits of just too many men."

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

Taxpayers Ripped Off By Prison System

by Marilyn Linton
for THE TORONTO STAR

TAXPAYERS SHOULD ASK THEMSELVES WHY THEY'RE PAYING FOR A PRISON SYSTEM that doesn't work, according to Ann Brumell, Supervisor of the Community Information Program of The John Howard Society, Metropolitan Toronto, a non-governmental organization working with adult offenders and ex-offenders.

"Our prison rate is one of the highest in the western industrialized world," says Brumell.

But the majority of people (65%) serving time in Canada are serving time for non-violent offences, she says, and some just for failure to pay fines as little as \$200. Considering the fact that to keep a prisoner behind bars costs Canadian taxpayers very close to \$30,000 per year, the high cost of institutionalizing people serving time for minor offences is a "rip off" to society, says Brumell.

Not only are figures on rising crime rates misleading (The total crime rate may have decreased as according to recent Statscan reports, but the number of non-violent crimes in Canada are thought to be on the increase) but also the rate of recidivism (of prisoners returning to prison for subsequent crimes) is incredibly high at 60 to 65% (a conservative estimate). All things considered, says Brumell, "We're getting nowhere putting them behind bars."

The problem seems to lie with all of us who attach violence to crime and think that anyone who commits a crime should be locked up and away from society. Anytime Brumell speaks to groups on the subject of rehabilitating former offenders, they seem amazed, she laughs, that "here's someone who is dealing with violent people."

Serving time, she adds, conjures up images of a violent, scarfaced, dishonest person. But in the majority of cases, says Brumell, "we're talking about ordinary people with very poor personal resources who are ill-equipped to cope with life's everyday stresses."

Brumell compares rehabilitating prisoners in prison to trying to learn how to swim on land. What a prisoner really learns in prison, she says, is "how to survive in a prison culture."

Locking non-violent offenders in prison gives a "false sense of security" to society. But what is really happening is that when offenders are removed from the crime they committed, they aren't facing the consequences. And their prison term doesn't insure that they learn how to survive on the streets without resorting to crime when they get out.

One out of every 1,000 Canadians is serving time of some sort. And Brumell says that studies show that the majority of these offenders are aged 18 to 25, are not married and have "low to middle" education.

Most of these people, she adds, could be leading useful community lives and paying back their debts to society in ways other than sitting behind bars. It's not that the John Howard Society is against prison, explains Brumell, but rather that, "the use of prison facilities must be much more selective regarding who, why and the length of time." Difficult though it may be, society has to change its attitude towards offenders and rethink other ways to make them accountable for their offences.

One way of turning things around, says Brumell, is to make better use of the Community Service Order program which has been ongoing since 1976. As an alternative to imprisonment, judges may now sentence non-violent offenders to working as volunteers for a certain number of hours in the community through this legal mechanism.

One of the greatest problems we face right now is something Brumell terms a "duality in justice." Bail is not posted on basis of financial means, says Brumell, and often non-violent offenders are locked up in holding tanks before their trials because they can't pay the bails set for them. By the time they get to trial (and that could be months, says Brumell) they're already prisoners without having been proven guilty!

Likewise people who have been ordered by judges to pay fines (\$300 or 10 days in jail) end up in jail if they can't pay. That sounds like justice. But Brumell can't see the sense of taxpayers paying \$50 per day (\$500 for ten days) to imprison folks for non-payment of a \$300 fine! The Fine Option program, soon to be in effect in Ontario, offers an alternative by way of assigning the offender to community work.

We can't institutionalize our problems, says Brumell. Offenders are disabled people like any other group. It's just that their disability is "invisible" to most.

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT



by Dale Elderkin & Cliff Ryan

Is it time for the Communicator to come out again? Well we may be late for the unit report (my fault) but we sure are not late for the sports and tournaments!! I mean we really cleaned up!! First off, we won every soccer game we played, we didn't even have a tie! Is that a record, or is that a record?!? We can't be beat anyway!! We surely have to give mention to our great soccer team!!

Mr. Ralph Keats
B.J.
Steve Roberts

Terry Williams
Jim (Fish) Cadwell
Big "M" Reddick
and of course Conway.

Pearce
Glendin LaKing
Eatman

Real great work, we won the baseball and most of the other tournaments, so we got most of the goodies. Mike Roy even won a sterio! He's right across the hall S-T-E-R-I-O....

We lost a few guys the last few months, and I'm really happy to see them go. Gloss Blake finished his truck driving course, and just left for Shulie Lake. I really wish him well!! Maybe we'll see each other on the road some day. Someone in # 10 unit said to put Slap! Slap! in here for someone else here. I don't know what it means, but, something about trying to sleep?!?

This will be the last thing that I write for the Communicator. I will be gone in Jan, I won't miss the place, but I will miss some of the guys. I would like to say Bye to; Kieth, Big Al, Mike, Sticks, John, Doug, Tiny, Steve, Rusty, Rex, Kennie, Cecil, Jerry, Jeff, Especially Ralph Keats and, Wayne Belbin (Wayne made a 5 day pass home for X-Mas...Right On!) And Al, Keep going, maybe you'll get as good as me someday in E.D.P. (HA!) You'll need a new L.O. and Programmer, I guess that's Glenn and Al.....Good Luck!

Well I'm heading out on a pass, so I'll let Cliff Ryan finish this off. Hope your all out soon!!

Well, here I am back for another issue, I've decided that I have stayed under my bed long enough for the "HEAT" to have cooled off, and besides my Pygmies were getting fed up with me sleeping with them. They keep blaming me for having Roman hands and Russian fingers!!!

Well, I got a little flack from my last report, but it wasn't too serious at least I'm still here and not in Dorchester!! The last time I wrote I had a few words to say about the Staff in this unit, so this time I think it's only fair to say a few words about us, the inmates...

There are a few solid guy's around here who take things serious enough to try and do the best they can to make things run smoothly within this unit, and the other units as well. They are putting work and effort into keeping things smooth, and it is not because they have to do this, but because they think enough of themselves and others to realize that the smoother things go, the easier it is to do them with comfort and peace.

There are a lot more though, of the other kind, " the Trouble Makers" the kind who think doing time is a big joke, and think that when they meet someone who is a little weaker that they are an easy mark, and they try to take advantage of them, I have had guy's come to me many times since I have been in this institution to do this and that, well maybe this will answer some of you, it is because there are always a bunch of guy's around, who just don't give a bloody damn for other people, and all they care about are themselves, and when they ask the question "WHY", I can only say that there were people around just like you before, and fooled everything up for the rest of us..... Come on guys, start being human, just because you are in prison, you don't have to act like animals...

We had a pizza sale in August. It didn't go as good as the last one because there was a problem with guys not having enough money in their pay to buy them. Everyone knew a month in advance that the pizza sale was coming up, but they didn't do anything to prepare for it. Why? Because again, they just don't care, they don't care that a lot of people spent a lot of time and effort in setting things up, to give them something that they want and don't have everyday...

I haven't heard of any Range T.A.'s lately, I guess things are the same as usual....."Slack"

Well I guess I'll close for now. There is a lot more that I'd like to say, but I don't have the room. So here's wishing you all a very Merry X-Mas, and a happy New Year!!!

***** N-NUMBER N-NINE *****

This sports reporter, with the help of that well known athlete Mr. Shawn Boomer, will keep you informed of all the note - worthy sporting successes of number 9 unit. First lets talk about that group of hard playing men, our unit soccer team. They really have been doing very well and I'm sure that more of you will agree with me that they deserve all our support in the up-coming campaign to win for the unit, the championship they obviously deserve. This is a proud group of men to be sure Watch out number eight!! Look at this list of players!!!

Mr.	D. Diggs	D. Stevens	B. Thompson
	C. Davidson	S. Boomer	H. Doyle
	C.D. Iegue	K. Simmonds	E. Clark
	D. Drake	G. Willis	and others...

It's a shame that number 9 is so damned tough, because the men in this unit like their sports. It seems that some of the other units, especially that pussy heaven No. 10 can't get it up to meet our team at anything lately. Like I have said it seems to be quite a shame because all we ask is a clean mens' game of sports. Ah well!! Only so many men in any crowd I guess. Well to move right along our team of true athletes are eager to play some more basketball, so please try to field a team, will you other units!?

Some very exciting games also, for the spectator in the crowd ask "Old Batman" V. Stopler, our sports reporter, he'll tell you till your ears hurt!! NO FOOLIN' Yes, for you readers who have not enjoyed watching a game yet this year, you will be surprised to hear that there was no end of excitement, guys being hurtled out of many a game for excessive aggression and mouth!! And to think that the best of all, the X-Mass hockey tournament is still to come!! See you all there!!!

J.E. "The BULL" Sellars

No. 10.

THERAPY IS...

by Max Kamstra

Well, it's almost Christmas again and there is more happening around the place then there usually is. "Oakley" played for us the other night, and I see that there was a good turnout. Good hard Rock and Roll. Everyone enjoyed them I'm sure, I had also heard that Richard Oakley expressed his interest and had stated that he would like to come back sometime.

We also have another band coming up on the 20th., but I think that this will be more of a "Pot Luck" situation.

The Unit had a Card sale and, we made over \$200.00, this is great and will help pay for our other unit activities. I think that a lot of thanks should go to Hank Dixon, Larry Pretty, Harry Hollett and all the others who participated in looking after and running the show.

There are going to be extra movies for the next couple weeks, including the extra one which we will be sponsoring, so all of those movie buffs will be pleased.

We will be having a Unit Bingo night as well as the institutional bingo night and a pizza sale to wind things up for the year, so there should be a lot of things to keep everyone busy. We've even got some of our boys who think that they can sing, to go out to one of the homes in Pugwash, Caroling, and entertaining the folks out that way.

Everything is running pretty smooth in the unit right now and it shows. We've had three swimming T.A.'s that went smoothly, the Pugwash T.A. in the near future, and maybe a skiing T.A. in the New Year. Or at least there has been some discussion in that direction.

Keep up the good work men. Merry X-Mas and a happy New Year to all.

ELEVENTH

HEAVEN

*Due to the apathetic nature of
this unit, no report is available
for this months issue...Sorry....*

In other words; gone to Hell!



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It's

*It's not the color of the person you should look at,
It's whats inside of the person you should look at.*

*Life is easy or hard - but it's up to you how you make it
- Easy or hard -*

*Don't take your bad feeling out on no one
No matter who they are,
Be nice to people - and they will be nice to you....*

Fast Loose.....

As I SEE IT



Pot Laws Harsh

Use Still Widespread

by GERARD McNEIL

OTTAWA (CP) — Although the Narcotic Control Act is one of Canada's meanest laws on the federal books, it had practically no deterrent effect on marijuana and hashish use during the last 15 years, says a statement prepared for the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario.

More than three million Canadians are currently estimated to be using cannabis drugs — the general heading for marijuana and hashish. And more than 85 per cent of the convictions — about 50,000 a year — under the Narcotic Control Act are for simple possession.

The statement, published in the November edition of the foundation's journal, lists maintaining the status quo as the worst of four options for dealing with cannabis.

As an alternative, the authors say, a system of sales would not only control the market but generate revenue for government. But they warn the only way to offset a lack of control if cannabis is legalized might be through licensed consumer co-operatives rather than through government stores similar to those selling liquor.

The other options are "decriminalization," which would maintain the worst features of the current law, and partial legalization to allow users to at least grow and use cannabis in their own homes.

The authors conclude that the current law does not dictate the legislative response.

"In particular, still stronger controls should not be viewed as a panacea for the potential health and social problems of the wide spread use."

Criminal prohibition was one of several options and was evaluated in terms of benefits and costs.

Prepared by sociologists Paul Shoggin and criminologist Patricia Erickson and Robert Solomon, a law professor at the University of Western Ontario, the statement sets out some of the costs of the current 60-year-old law.

"The most obvious social cost is its financial expense, conservatively estimated at \$60 million to \$100 million a year," they say. "An additional social cost is that many traditional rights and freedoms have been sacrificed to facilitate the enforcement of the current drug law. Officers have far broader powers of search and seizure in even a minor drug case, such as simple possession of cannabis, than they would in a murder or other serious criminal investigation."

Furthermore, police powers to investigate drug cases have consistently been broadened at the expense of civil liberties.

"Related costs are the unwary police methods and violence inherent in drug enforcement," the statement says. "Although the use of wiretaps, paid informants, undercover officers, police dogs, arrest without warning and massive surprise raids on all levels of society have been widely criticized for bringing the police and the justice system into disrepute, especially among."

For the "decriminalization" option usually means a discharge without criminal sentence — although many arrested may have been jailed temporarily and all are fingerprinted and photographed.

Even with a discharge, court, police and many other records remain causing problems for those who have been convicted.

"Good character" requirements in professions regulated by the provinces mean an individual may be unable to become a lawyer, doctor, nurse, architect, engineer, surveyor, accountant, veterinarian or funeral director as a result of cannabis conviction — and there were 200,000 convictions between 1968 and 1979.

Ambulance drivers, auctioneers, real estate agents, police officers, and operators of nursing homes, taverns, private hospitals and private vocational schools must be licensed. They also face rejections as a result of a cannabis conviction.

The statement says decriminalization — the "fine only" for simple possession now being considered by Ottawa — would "not represent a major change in policy" unless it did something substantial about criminal records.

The option might reduce the public costs of dealing with offenders and it would not, according to U.S. studies, result in substantial increase in cannabis.

But it wouldn't do anything about objectionable police powers nor alleviate the damaging results of a record.

The authors suggest as an alternative legalization of the use, and growth, of small amounts of cannabis in the home. This shouldn't lead to increased use, they say, and it would cut down the number of users processed each year through the criminal justice system.

The final option — government regulation of distribution — is unlikely to be achieved in this century given the obstacles listed by the scientists.

It could be set up the way provinces run liquor stores. But the authors warn that such a system would likely create a black market, partly because it would ban sales to teenagers.

The serious disadvantages of legalization are that it would mean a "significant risk" of increased use.

Canada would first have to withdraw from the 1961 Single Convention on Narcotics, and would probably run into international criticism as a result.

It would then run into constitutional battles with the provinces over the tax money.

"It is doubtful whether the federal government has the authority to establish a retail distribution within the provinces," the authors say. "Since considerable revenues would be at stake and public attitudes towards cannabis may vary from province to province, the constitutional issue would be contentious."



I USED TO SMOKE
WEED AND HASH...



THEN I SPLIT THE
SCENE --RAPPED
WITH MY PARENTS...



NOTED OBEDIENTLY
THEIR PERSONAL
EXAMPLES . . .



NOW I'M HOOKED
ON BOOZE AN'
TRANQUILIZERS . . .

The Case That May Prompt Changes

by Ellie Teshler: The Toronto Star.

The unusual case of William MacAllister will mark a turning point for the National Parole Board, predict legal experts.

They say it's likely to land in the Supreme Court of Canada. And it could result in major changes in the laws on parole, whatever the judgement, they say.

MacAllister, 38, convicted of armed robbery and attempted murder, was denied parole on July 8th, 1980, after serving the required first seven years of his life sentence. According to his lawyer, Claude Lanctot, all MacAllister's prison reports prepared for the parole hearing were "positive" including details of more than 90 temporary absences without incident.

But MacAllister was refused on the grounds he still posed a danger to society.

Even before the hearing, MacAllister had feared he would not get a fair review because he had headed a legal committee of inmates during a strike at the Archambault Institute in 1976. Two of the three men who heard his original appeal were officials at Archambault during the strike.

MacAllister wrote to Secretary of State Francis Fox about his fears of prejudice against him. Lanctot told the Star in a recent interview that Fox visited MacAllister in his cell at Leclerc Institute and said he would inform Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan of MacAllister's concerns.

FRESH OUTLOOK

Kaplan wrote the prisoner that he had discussed the matter with parole board chairman William Outerbridge. MacAllister, Kaplan wrote, would get a review of his parole request by three board members who had not voted on the case and would study the file "with a fresh outlook."

The parole board's internal review committee read MacAllister's file and said it could not see any justification for the original refusal of parole.

But, according to Lanctot, the review committee was then sent two additional memos in MacAllister's file from two of the board members who had refused his parole. The new memos referred to MacAllister's leadership in the prison strike.

MacAllister was denied parole by the review committee. He then took his case to the federal court on grounds that he was treated unfairly.

Last May, Justice Raymond Decary said MacAllister had been denied information on the reasons his parole was refused and was prevented from trying to refute them.

Decary annulled the parole decision and ordered a new hearing. The board appealed, without holding the hearing, and Decary cited the chairman, the six members who decided, plus a Quebec board official for contempt of court.

If convicted, the charge carries a \$5,000 fine and up to one year in jail.

So far, the court has heard that MacAllister's file wrongly stated he'd been convicted three times for armed robbery rather than once. And in a development last week, Lanctot charged that Gilbert, one of the original board members who denied parole to his client, lied in court. Gilbert is former director of the Montreal Police.

FUTURE HEARINGS

As well, the court has heard Gilbert say that future hearings will be taped and there will be a set of guidelines for the parole decisions.

Says Lanctot: "The case has blasted the credibility of Gilbert as a board member." And it has raised the question of ethics, he says. "Surely a board member who knew the inmate in prison should step down when it comes to hearing his appeal for parole," he says.

The case resumes Sept. 2. Meantime, MacAllister will have a new hearing for parole on Aug. 19.



The Rose Of Dresden

Extract from Bulldozer Magazine

I feel like Russell Means must feel after reading the M/L comments in Akwerasne Notes from V.V. Rowe, editor of Sanity Now (and others) about Russell's article in the Late Summer issue — August 1980 — entitled "Marxism Is A European Tradition." It would help if I explained that I hoped to limit the audience for my "Message" to the few hundreds of thousands of prisoners in the jails and prisons of the state of mind known to the Lakota as Wasi'chu, which means roughly "takers of the fat" or simply "the Greeds." This concept is ably and amply explicated upon by Roberto Maestros and Bruce Johansen in Wasi'chu: The continuing Indian Wars. (Monthly Review Press — 1979) I don't want to get tangled up in this, but at the same time I would like for folks to realize that I am not referring to white folks in particular in reference to race but rather to the dominant cultural values which equate policeman mentality in the masses with goodness and right, leaving the masses with an almost total lack of political awareness. Certainly, I realize that it is actually a question of a battle of classes in the M/L conceptual scheme but in my place I can deal only with the realities of what is — not what I wish it were. What it is in my place is a few hundred thousand poor in the slam, not necessarily because they are poor, per se, but because they refuse to compromise with a system that devours humanity by its very existence. The system which views science as an undisputed social good while failing to realize that the impersonal social processes lumped together under the label of technological "progress" are destroying the land base of indigenous peoples by ripping off our land and mineral resources in order to get "their" resources from our tiny remaining land base. My people are in danger of becoming extinct and this fact would not be altered whether the economic system was capitalist or communist; it is at the crossroads of science itself that the danger presents itself for my people and we intend to resist that danger to the last.

Cultural genocide and physical genocide are one and the same. Assimilation is a form of genocide because those who are assimilated are no longer a part of the people and are working for the police and governments to overcome their own people. We are not a minority; we are a distinct race with our own language, cultural and traditional values which radically differ from the oppressor nation and the rest of the world. According to Stalin's definition in The National Question we don't qualify as a nation because our land boundaries are not contiguous and other reasons, but I'll save that discussion for a letter because my views on that would fill too many pages and that is not what I want to discuss at this time.

I can only speak for myself — and I realize I would be in prison whether the economic system were capitalist or communist — because I refuse to compromise myself to any authoritarian structure and wherever I am I shall encourage others to do the same. My views can only be considered when they are placed within the limited context which spawned them. You see, I will die in prison, without question, so those of you who have knowledge and ability to exist in the world outside those confines need ponder WHAT IS TO BE DONE out there, and in the meantime I shall continue to contribute what I believe to be valid for those in my situation. My people on the reservation face the same problems I do because they are virtually incarcerated in concentration camps. The simplistic dichotomy of policemen/people is valid in here and I think it is also valid on the reservations. "Technological Progress" is going to spell the final destruction of my people unless they hurry up and start another war with another victim to exploit for the energy resources they pretend to need so badly.

It would be unrealistic for me to be expected to relate to the dominant culture that subjugated my people with a lack of rage and frustration. Rage because of the continuation of so-called Indian policies that are intended to lead to genocide; frustration because I am totally unable to contribute to the struggle for our very existence that continues unabated in this country. I can change nothing, nothing but the consciousness of a small number of people because of spending the rest of my life in a maximum-security prison, but I am not foolish enough to believe that rebellion would not be crushed more rapidly and completely under communism than it is under this greedy, rapacious capitalist system. They have said before that I am a national chauvinist which in their eyes is counter-revolutionary and if I am, so be it but I fail to see how I can view it any other way — first my people, then the world.

This country has already proved they would destroy the world before they would give it up (Hiroshima & Nagasaki), by what they have never had to witness is 100 serious rebels in the United States. With all its Hydrogen and Cobalt bombs it could be brought to its knees, but it will never happen because folks are too busy sitting around discussing theory and failing to act in any way that might bring them into true confrontation with the power that be. It's too easy to go along with what is.

Certainly I expected that enormous numbers of conventional ideologues would be offended by my "message" and, indeed, it could be no other way, but it should be remembered that the "message" is to the "Honourable Kourt" of the United States of America which represents a particularly diseased entity that, to my mind, is beyond redemption. Naturally, I would not expect one who does not reject white privilege and the evil inherent in the system to reject his/her own parents. Fortunately, I have never had to make that choice because it was made for me at birth. I have safely been relieved of the obligation simply because there have never been any ruling class, middle class or even any upper class lower folks in my background as I have never had to toy with the knotty problem of whether my people were evil or decide whether they fit the criteria of "the enemy" because they aren't and don't, but it surely must be clear to the writer of the criticism that they could very well be his/her enemy (although) only my people could answer that question. Personally I believe they would have much more in common than in conflict.

I readily admit to being an absurd person living in an absurd world. I have safety, comfort and relative security living my life out in these jails of greed but even so I can't be complacent about it — I still feel it is my duty to teach rebellion against all manner of authority and government wherever I be.

My beliefs and feelings, no matter how absurd, are based on a life filled with unusual experiences and I claim to be no leader, hero or philosopher I think leaders suck, heroes are dead or in jail and philosophers seldom act. It has been my experience that we can only measure people by their acts unless their theories contribute to moving others to action, but to a lifetime discussing the ideas of dead folks — to my mind — neither changes or effects "reality" however one perceives it. Let's just remember the key words in "message" are "For me" — the first two words of the article. What is real "For Me" is the only reality there is and the same thing is true of you and every other human mammal organism with warm blood on the face of this planet.

I am not without a small amount of influence in a limited circle but I am no part of a "leader" as I said before. I neither preach nor proselytize on behalf of my crackpot theories but I will write books and share my ideas with those who have the tenaciousness to seek me out and the capacity for boredom to listen long enough to grasp my rather curious views, however, I impose my ideas on no one. It is probably fortunate for the world that the only place one can learn my ideas (for whatever evil or merit they possess) is right here at the federal prison at Terre Haute — or whatever concentration Kamp I happen to be in. It must be remembered the "message" is addressed to prisoners who are suffering literal rather than figurative oppression in humankind's most malignant inventions: The prison (or on the concentration camps called Indian Reservations). The more time a prisoner is serving the more likely he is to agree with my ideas. Richard M. Nixon, does not live in an oppressive society and one of the critics of my "message" seems to be unsure if the society he lives in is "oppressive" — and if that critic doesn't notice it then for my critic the society is not "oppressive" (because believe me, if you live in an oppressive society, you'll be the first to notice), when one lives out his/her life in a spiritual wastebasket called a "prison" where survival from day to day is an event to be celebrated and growth in the midst of the repugnant decay is a miracle not unlike the rose that survived the firebombing of Dresden, then one does not have to wonder if s/he is living in an oppressive society; one knows!

To change the subject just a bit. . . sometime during June of 1979 Judy Bissell & Leslie Allen of the L.A. 5 wrote an article that appeared in Arm the Spirit the prisoner newspaper out of California. The article was entitled L.A. Colonial Violence. The co-authors are two sisters whom I respect very much; the article was well-written and of the utmost interest, but the experiences described by the article are as alien to me as if they were telling me about something that took place on the moon. The gist of the piece was about the life in the Sybil Brand Institute (The women's Prison,

Whites Made Jail Part Of Indian Life

by SUSAN RUTTAN
Staff Writer
CALGARY HERALD

Imprisonment has been part of the Indians' lifestyle ever since the white man began settling the prairies, says a native educator.

ELSIE WINGENO told a conference on juvenile justice here Friday that the jails and prisons many Indians now find themselves in were presaged by the old system of reserves and residential schools.

Wingeno, a former teacher who is now president of Cross Cultural Consultants Ltd., said under the old reserve system Indians had to report to a white superintendent every time they left the reserve.

"Federal residential schools for Indians were a form of jail," she said.

Native children from Prairie reserves like the Red Pheasant Reserve in Saskatchewan where Wingeno grew up were torn from their parents and sent to the residential school in Brandon for the entire school year, she said.

For such children there was no difference between the Brandon school and a reform school, she said.

"The breaking up of the Indian family started...with the residential school system," Wingeno

said.

She said police and jails are now part of many Indians lives from early childhood. For example, she said, 54 per cent of male inmates and 87 per cent of female inmates in Saskatchewan provincial prisons are native.

Seeing one or the other of one's parents dragged off to jail has become common for reserve children, Wingeno said. Because it is common, "their doesn't seem to be the same stigma to going to jail as in the non-native population."

With her husband in jail, a native mother may find raising children alone a strain, and sink into alcoholism, she said. Too often the disintegrating home life leads to the children being separated and taken into care by the government.

Wingeno said one study found 80 per cent of native prison inmates had spent time in government care as children, either in a foster home or residential school.

About 350 social workers and other professionals dealing with problem juveniles attended the two-day conference, which ended Friday.



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Ministry Forcing Youths Into Detention Centres

Arthur Moses- Special to the Globe & Mail

Sudbury - The Ontario Ministry of Community and Social Services' group home policies are forcing children into juvenile detention centres rather than appropriate residential facilities, a Sudbury lawyer charged yesterday.

Philip Zylberberg said that during the past six weeks he has defended two juveniles against court applications by the Sudbury Children's Aid Society for incarceration. He said judges have ordered the juveniles into detention because specialized group homes are not available, even though no criminal charges were involved.

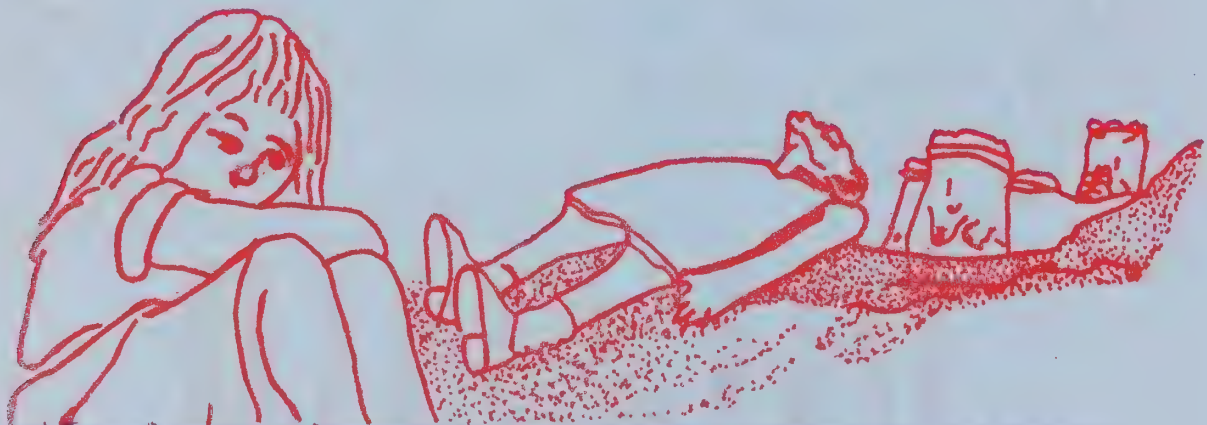
A Timmins juvenile almost landed in the local jail on Tuesday night because of a similar application by the Children's Aid Society there, Richard Johnston, New Democratic Party MPP for Scarborough West, said in an interview yesterday. But a judge rejected the action.

"They don't have a detention centre," said Mr. Johnston, who raised Mr. Zylberberg's complaint in the Legislature on Tuesday. "Luckily after many hours they found the kid a spot in a foster home, but they were just lucky to have done so."

"They've got four or five disturbed kids in the Timmins area right at the moment who are in foster homes and not receiving the kind of special attention they deserve."

Margaret Birch, Provincial Secretary for Social Development, told Mr. Johnston in the Legislature on Tuesday that one of three new centres planned to meet the juveniles' needs would open in the near future. A spokesman said yesterday that the ministry is scouting locations for the three centres in London, Toronto, and Ottawa. The project was originally announced a year ago by Keith Norton, then community and social services ministry.

Mr. Zylberberg said the lack of facilities has been brought about by the failure of the ministry to allocate adequate funds. He said there are 44 fewer places in group homes and foster homes in Sudbury than there were a year ago.



One of his clients, a 15-year-old, was recently ordered to the Sudbury Juvenile Services detention centre for a week. Then the Children's Aid Society applied for and obtained a three-week extension. Unable to place the boy anywhere else, the CAS has applied for a second extension.

A spokesman for the Sudbury Children's Aid Society said Northern Ontario has always suffered from inferior services compared with the rest of the province. But Bill, CAS child care supervisor, said the ministry exacerbated the problem with tighter licensing regulations on group and foster homes.

"There are a lot more requirements, fire escapes, fire stations, health standards and reporting standards," Mr. Rowe said. "I'll bet if you did a study of all the group homes in Ontario that were in existence before the ministry changed the standards, you'd probably see there was quite a big drop."

Mr. Rowe said the CAS's use of detention centres is often necessary to give officials time to assess a juvenile's needs. "There are certain circumstances where the child has to be placed under control."

Sudbury CAS director Walter Halinski said yesterday the CAS placed 21 juveniles in the detention centre between April 1, 1980, and March 31, 1981. But he did not agree that the practice could be eliminated merely by increasing the number of group homes available.

"If we had more treatment beds in specialized group homes this would cut down on the use, but it would not eliminate the need for a detention centre for a small number of juveniles who have to be contained," he said.

Mr. Halinski said the only unit for treatment of juveniles with severe emotional and anti-social behavioral problems in the Sudbury area is the Sudbury-Algonia Hospital and it has insufficient space and trained staff to cope with the demand.

Northern Ontario officials of the ministry were not available for comment.

Kids In The Slammer

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Imagine this scene: a teen-age boy locked in jail attempts suicide and, after failing, is kept in isolation for weeks without seeing a doctor or psychologist. Makebelieve? Not according to the members of the San Francisco based Youth Law Center (YLC). This nightmarish occurrence was uncovered by YLC staff during a recent visit to an American Indian reservation in Arizona. And Indian children are not alone in being locked up, says YLC director Mark Soler.

In Ironton, Ohio, for example, it doesn't pay to play hooky from school. Juvenile court Judge Lloyd Burwell sends adolescent truants to jail for every day of school missed - and, no, the kids don't get to take along their homework. "If kids hadn't been coddled at home," Burwell told one reporter, "they wouldn't be before me." Ironton Sheriff Dan Hieronimus who supports this spare-the-rod, spoil-the-child line of reasoning, told MOTHER JONES that many teachers were in favor of jailing truants as a way of maintaining discipline they themselves could not impose.

"As long as prisoners are treated with Christian concern, then we don't have anything to apologize for," Hieronimus informed a nearby newspaper. Trouble is, a certain jailer in town had a more secular interest in two teen-age girls under his supervision. The jailer himself is now serving time for sexual battery against the girls.

Last April, the Youth Law Center filed suit jointly with the American Civil Liberties Union against Burwell, Hieronimus and three county commissioners. Acting on behalf of two teen-age prisoners, YLC is attempting to end what it claims is the routine jailing of juveniles under conditions that violate state and federal law, for actions that would not be criminal if taken by adults.

The Youth Law Center has been filing such suits for the past several years to protect the rights of imprisoned youths. The cases Soler and his staff take on each year affect the lives of thousands of children. But the center may soon have no impact at all. YLC is currently funded by a grant from the Justice Department that will not be renewed because of the Reagan administration's belief that juvenile justice programs are a waste of money. Soler, however, feels that the public sometimes needs legal protection from the government itself.

"Last year, we won a suit against a private school in Utah that was subjecting its students to enforced isolation, mail censorship, mandatory and frequent lie detector tests, and a practice called 'the hair dance' in which counselors dragged boys to the ground by their hair for misbehavior." Most of the boys at the school had been sent there by out-of-state school districts, which spent \$19,000 of public funds annually per child for this special education. Few school districts ever bothered to find out how special the education was.

YLC is hopeful about gaining future funding from private foundations, but it warns that if it is forced to close - as other advocacy organizations have been - the abuse of the kids will go on and no one will be around to stop them."

\$\$\$ LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY? \$\$\$

SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY CAMP -- A different kind of experience. . .one that gives you on-the-job training and prepares you for working in the woods if you desire. Most guys who do the six-month program make a full parole and leave the camp with "street" money, owning their chainsaw and other working gear.

Six months working in the bush, learning and earning, has to be better than lying around waiting for time to pass. One way you can make your time a worthwhile experience is to contact your LUL and ask about Scott Paper Company's SHULIE LAKE FORESTRY OPERATION -- only 30 miles down the road but maybe a lifetime of improvement away for you. Think about it....

THE NEW WAVE

Help For The Criminal And Society

by GREGORY WALKER

The Mississauga Times

DRINKING HAD GOTTEN FRANK (not his real name) INTO TROUBLE. But instead of receiving a jail term he was sentenced to 75 hours of community work.

He says those 75 hours "opened my eyes" and he continues to volunteer for community work long after he has served his term.

Frank was part of the justice system's changes in making adult offenders repay society for their crimes. He says the sentence showed him how many people in the community were in need of basic services.

"You've got to go out and see the difficulties some people are in," he says.

He could not believe how grateful people were when he delivered wheel-chairs or installed hand-holds in bathtubs for the handicapped.

"You can do two hours of work," he says, "and people can get 50 per cent more out of life."

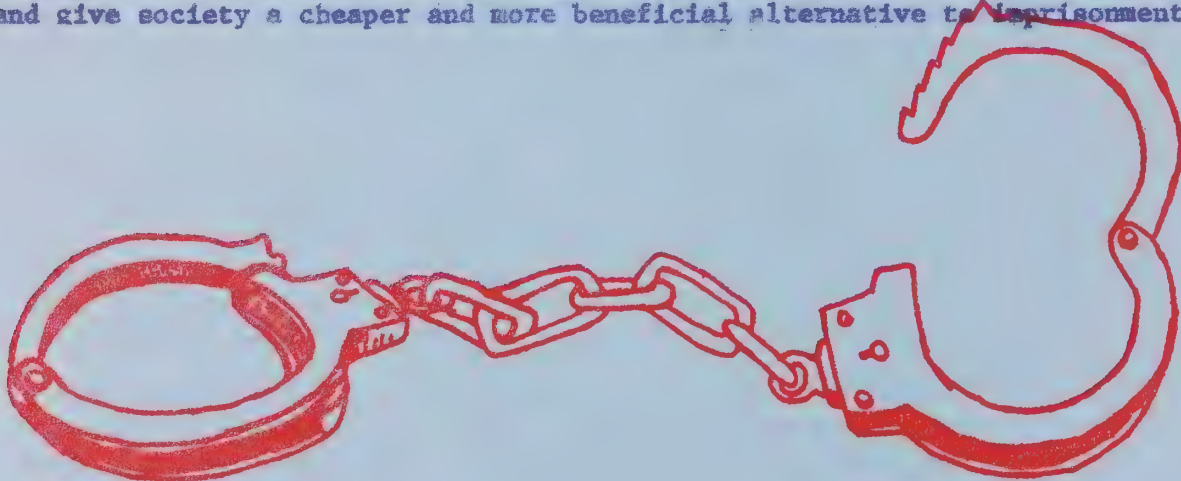
Frank says the program was better than being fined or serving a jail sentence.

"If you incarcerate somebody for two or three days, that does not do anybody any good. This way you get something out of the offender," Frank says.

Frank praises the program for making him aware of other people's problems in Mississauga. He became so involved, he continued with his assignment long after his probation sentence was finished.

Frank helped develop a feeding mechanism for quadriplegics. With it the life of the handicapped person will become a little more independent.

The Peel County office of the Minister of Correctional Services, bolstered by the success of the Community Service Order program, plans to implement new programs which will give offenders a greater awareness of wrongs committed, give the victim a better understanding of the offender's background, and give society a cheaper and more beneficial alternative to imprisonment.



Budgetary allocations providing, the Peel Office will introduce the proposed Victim Offender Reconciliation Plan, Drug Alcohol Awareness Program, and the Life Skills program in April '81. Due to be expanded are the successful Community Service Order program, a youth employment project and a program to release people on bail under supervision.

Cam Begg, 39, the area manager of the Hensell Circle Office, says the Victim Offender Reconciliation Plan (VORP) has the "highest priority."

Essentially, the VORP program's approach is to bring the offender and victim together, to jointly work out a schedule for restitution. Discussion between the two parties is the key.

"The mediation of the VORP program," says Mr. Begg, "is a personal approach to crime. The offender has to see the inconvenience his acts have caused."

He says the benefits of the program are numerous. The victim, too often ignored by today's justice system, receives some sort of compensation. The offender feels he has repaid his debt to society. And society doesn't have to support a man who serves his sentence while working in the community.

The VORP program will be used before a convicted offender is sentenced. The probation officer will bring the victim and offender together. The results of their discussions will be forwarded to the sentencing judge, who decides if the mediation terms will be used in his decision.

The theory behind the VORP program is to include the community in the correctional process.

"Corrections don't work unless the community is involved," Mr. Begg said.

WHY JAIL AN IMPAIRED DRIVER?

Mr. Begg's office has also proposed the Drug Alcohol Awareness Program (DAAP). Designed for probationers who have difficulties with drugs or alcohol abuse, the project will make offenders aware of the dangers of drug use. The plan will give offenders examples of available treatment services and will improve their chances of seeking such treatment.

The program will use films and literature from the Addiction Research Foundation, and will survey probationers to see if there has been a change in attitude towards drug abuse.

The Drug Alcohol Awareness Program tries to give the impaired driver an understanding of his problem. Mr. Begg says incarceration is not a logical solution to impaired driving.

"Are we doing anything about the problem by putting him (the impaired driver) in jail?" he asks.

It's far better to let the offender keep his job, ensure he attends the program, and continues to function in the community, he says. The added benefit is that the community does not have to pay for the offenders stay in jail.

Mr. Begg's office also hopes to initiate a life skills program. Probationers will meet in groups to discuss their problems. The emphasis will be on problem solving, developing friendships and becoming assertive.

Mr. Begg cites the trend of women who shoplift even though they have enough money. The life skills group will consider the unique difficulties of such women, since the offenders can't explain their problems to all people.

All these programs, Mr. Begg emphasizes, are still at the proposal stage. The most successful working plan for adult probationers is the Community Service Order Program.

The concept of doing work in the community as part of a probation sentence has been used in Britain for a number of years. Frank Drea, former Minister of Correctional Services, introduced the program to Ontario, which now has one of the most developed service order projects in Canada.

The program sends probationers to a wide range of agencies throughout Mississauga. Offenders participate in activities such as the Clean City Campaign and Fritterfest, help agencies such as the Multiple Sclerosis Society, and work in maintenance services of recreation centres, senior citizens' homes and the Board of Education.

Mr. Begg's office is not responsible for co-ordinating all these agencies. Sensitive to criticism about the growing size of the civil service, Mr. Begg prefers to contract out work to existing private foundations. For example, Maureen Lewis, the community service co-ordinator for the Peel area, works for the Elizabeth Fry Society in Brampton.

Ms. Lewis has organized non-profit, social service agencies for the program since the society became involved in July, 1978. More than 1,000 hours of community work are being done per month under the program in Mississauga.

"A substantial number of these offenders would have otherwise gone to jail," Ms. Lewis says.

Mr. Begg stresses the program is not keeping anyone unemployed. "Without the program, the work wouldn't get done," he says.

"Here in Peel, we're lucky to have so many community service programs," says Judge Don August of Brampton Provincial Court.

Judge August says the program has been very successful, and notes there were "very few breaches of community service orders" by probationers.

The program is so successful that many of the offenders have gone to work for their assigned agency after completing their sentences. "Some of our clients were working so well, they've been given jobs," says Mr. Begg.

There is also a plan which deals with the accused before a trial begins. This plan is for accused citizens who would normally be detained in jails while awaiting trial.

The bail supervision program, run by the John Howard Society in Brampton, monitors the activity of the released person. A charge can be laid for failure to check in with the society.

Like the community service order program, bail supervision endeavors to prevent unnecessary overloading of the jails.

In the long run, the bail supervision and community service order plans will ease the tax burden of Mississauga residents, says Mr. Begg. He says they also bring the criminal offender and the victim closer to the circumstances surrounding a crime.

Helping Crime Victims

the TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL

ONTARIO CORRECTIONAL SERVICES Minister Gordon Walker addressing the Canadian Association of Crime Victim Compensation Boards in Toronto:

It seems to me that the time has arrived for the Federal and Provincial governments to give serious attention to formalizing a number of services, for the victim of a crime, including the entrenchment of victim rights in the criminal code. A fundamental right that the Criminal Code should address is the victim's need to be heard.

Even the therapeutic benefits of being able to tell your story of victimization cannot be dismissed lightly...

How, though, can the victim's "right to be heard" be put into practice? Perhaps during a trial the court should be made aware of the impact of the criminal act on the victim. Utilizing trained volunteers, our probation people already have extensive experience in writing pre-sentence reports on offenders....

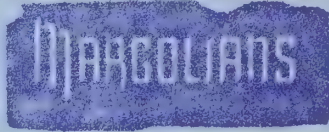
What I am suggesting is similar advice that takes into consideration the needs and suffering of the victim. The victim impact study should be done prior to trial. It would basically involve an interview with the victim to confirm and elaborate on the initial police report. The victim impact study would then be available to the judge as well as the defence lawyer, prior to sentencing...

A second and related right that could be enshrined in legislation is the victim's "right to know" what happened to the case and why.

We have found, that many victims often do not know why the offender was given a particular sentence. In fact, they are not even invited to attend court. Consequently they feel frustrated, excluded and dissatisfied with the whole process...

A third right that I believe should be considered for inclusion in the criminal code is the victim's "right to restitution." As the code now stands, there is provision in section 663 for a judge to place the offender on probation with an order to make restitution to his victim for the actual loss or damage sustained. This provision, which has been in the criminal code for 26 years, is discretionary.

What I am suggesting is that victims have the right to ask for compensation not only for financial loss but also for pain and suffering and that, wherever possible, the onus for repaying be placed on the offender, not the taxpayer.



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MEN'S, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING
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Danish Prison Slightly Different

from AMHERST DAILY NEWS

COPENHAGEN (Reuter) — Five years after it opened, Europe's first mixed-sex prison has been declared a success.

Four of the six blocks at Ringe Prison on the Baltic island of Funen are mixed. The prison has a population of 70 men and 20 women, who are allowed to mix freely both during working hours and their free time.

Eri Andersen, governor of Ringe, says the atmosphere in the mixed blocks is totally different from that prevailing in normal, single-sex prisons.

"Everything is more relaxed. We in no way interfere if relationships develop between prisoners. They are entirely free to have intimate relationships in their cells. It is a private matter between the prisoners involved."

Andersen, who says the experiment is unique, believes that more-natural conditions in prison create less-embittered and less-neurotic prisoners, better able to adapt to society.

The prisoners work an eight hour day in the prison work shops, where they make office furniture, electric components and other items. They are paid a weekly wage of \$32.

From 4 p.m. when the working day ends, until 10:30 p.m. when they are

locked in their cells, they are free to amuse themselves anyway they like.

The prison has a library, communal rooms and a store where prisoners can buy their own food with their daily \$4 food allowance.

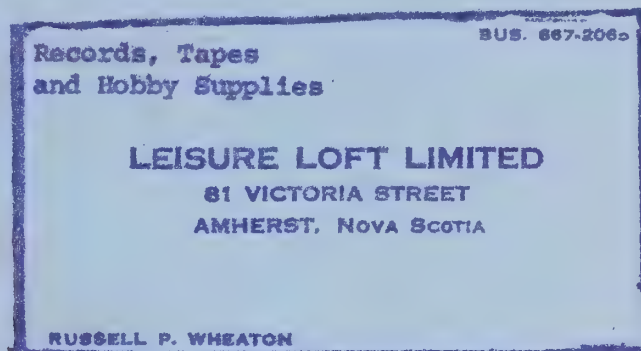
They cook their own food and live in cells more like modern hotel rooms than dungeons. They are able to lock the cells from the inside when they have a guest or do not want to be disturbed.

Until lights out, prison guards

do not interfere in prisoners' personal lives, except for one rule which forces prisoners to confine their sex lives to the privacy of their cells.

In five years only two pregnancies have been reported and, in one case the couple decided to get married.

Andersen said that since the experiment began, only one woman has had to be removed from Ringe. She was operating as a prostitute.



'My Mother is Proud Of Me'

Toronto Star

CASEY IS 40 YEARS OLD AND HAS BEEN out of the Matsqui medium-security institution for two years. He said recently the University of Victoria program there has opened doors he once only dreamed of.

As a child, Casey (not his real name) had 14 brothers and sisters. He was in constant conflict with authority: Convicted of theft at age nine, fighting with a weapon at age 12, car theft at 15 and drunken mischief at 17.

As an adult he worked as a laborer and truck driver, supporting his wife and three children.

His robberies were all connected with his desire to satisfy economic needs at home. He tried taking community college courses to better his chances of employment but his unstable marriage and financial pressures pushed him into committing his second armed robbery.

Today, five years later, he is teaching at a local college in a program aimed at young unemployables. He works regularly with young people, college instructors and officials in the correction and social services.

In his spare time he coaches a baseball team.

The program, he says, gave him the means to raise his self-esteem and realize his goal of social advancement.

Without the program he would have left prison a hostile and violent man.

"Three or four months later I found myself sick of being broke. I robbed 20 banks before they caught up to me.

"I now exhibit 'perfect institutional behavior' and could go to William Head (the minimum-security camp).

"I'd be out in two years. But I don't want to go. I've got nine credits left until I get my B.A. My mother is proud of me, can you get that? I'm the only one in the family who's going to college."

But, he insists, it's essential to have some sort of support system when you get out.

That's why he's on the board of directors of the Donner Academic Society, an organization set up by staff and ex-inmates to start a half-way house for student inmates to complete their education after they leave prison.

Joe (not his real name) is still in Matsqui and taking the University of Victoria program. He's worried that he'll have to leave before he finishes his course.

Joe's history is that of a chronic thief and recidivist.

"I did two years for my first offence.

"I was upgraded to grade 10 (in prison) and took a painting and decorating course. I was 27 years old at the time and didn't want to come back to the joint after I got out.

Prison University: New Hope For Inmates

Extract from Toronto Star

EDUCATING PRISON INMATES IS NOT A NEW IDEA. But what makes the liberal arts program at the Matsqui medium-security institution in Abbotsford different from most is that it works.

The University of Victoria extension program has been giving inmates the opportunity to educate themselves for the past seven years.

A recent report indicates that those taking the university level courses have a dramatically lower chance of returning to prison after they leave than other inmates.

Of the 71 thieves, drug users, forgers and murderers who completed at least one and a half years of university level courses, only seven are back in prison. That's a 10 per cent recidivism rate, or rate of return.

Of a control group of 71 inmates, 28 returned to prison in the same three-year period. That's a 41 per cent return rate — about the Canadian average for the past 100 years.

Dr. Tony Parlett, the Pacific Regional Coordinator of Education and Training, started the program at Matsqui after he realized that most of his students at William Head — a minimum security facility on Vancouver Island where the program originated — were not coming back to jail.

The key to the program, according to Parlett, is teaching the difference between right and wrong through a special emphasis on history and English.

Teachers don't teach morals per se, but develop moral reasoning in the inmate students. Higher education leads to cognitive growth (the ability to think and use judgement) and if one reasons in a morally mature way, chances are he will act in a more mature way, he said.

Can studying Shakespeare lead to rehabilitation?

Student inmates don't like that word.

"Who wants to be rehabilitated?" says Red (not his real name), a Matsqui inmate. "Rehabilitation means restoring me to my former capacities. Who in the hell wants to be back there?"

Red is officially classified as a hard-core recidivist. He's now a straight A student teaching other inmates and writing a textbook chapter for the SFU criminology department while serving the rest of his sentence.

Discussing whether MacBeth was right or wrong in killing the king forces the students to think objectively about right and wrong, and eventually the process becomes natural. With the development of morals comes a marked change in self perception, said Red.

"I no longer think in criminal alternatives," Red says. "I'm not excusing my past behavior, but I think I have more options now."

These street-wise criminals in the program now see the world through students' eyes. They're easily bored with cell talk about shooting junk and exaggerated past escapades.

According to the students, their somewhat elitist attitude does not cause tension within the prison.

"Some guys enter because it's a ticket to a minimum security outfit or a chance to get out of the work programs," Red explains. "But now they're acquitting themselves each time they pass an exam."

The sense of gratification, self-satisfaction and responsibility that comes through critical thinking is crucial to the success of the program. Some inmates don't want to go to the easier life of a minimum security institution because they will have to stop their education, even though a transfer usually means a chance to get out faster.



The teachers at Matsqui are employees of the University of Victoria and are the inmates' only consistent link with the outside world.

"The students are inside their own walls. We're questioning opinions and ideas that are hard to change," said an English professor. "That's where the challenge is."

The program is popular with prison staff as well because the student inmates have fewer run-ins with institutional rules than non-students.

What happens when you send an educated inmate out on the street again? Education does not guarantee a job, and a job doesn't guarantee financial security.

"We send them out of here like immigrants," says Parlett. "They start off a new life."

Employment figures for inmates in the program who didn't return to prison are similar to a high school 12 graduating class.

Students in the program call the Academic Centre "an island of sanity in an insane world." If they have a criticism it is that it is not in every institution across the country.

Dr. Parlett shares their feelings.

Plans are in the works to incorporate the program into each of the correctional service's five regions, but he's skeptical.

"Individuals recognize the worth of my program," he says. "But bureaucracy moves in slow ponderous circles. The system has fallen short because of people who say rehabilitation doesn't work. When will they realize that you can't take inmates into an institution as nothing, do nothing to them and send them out with nothing?"

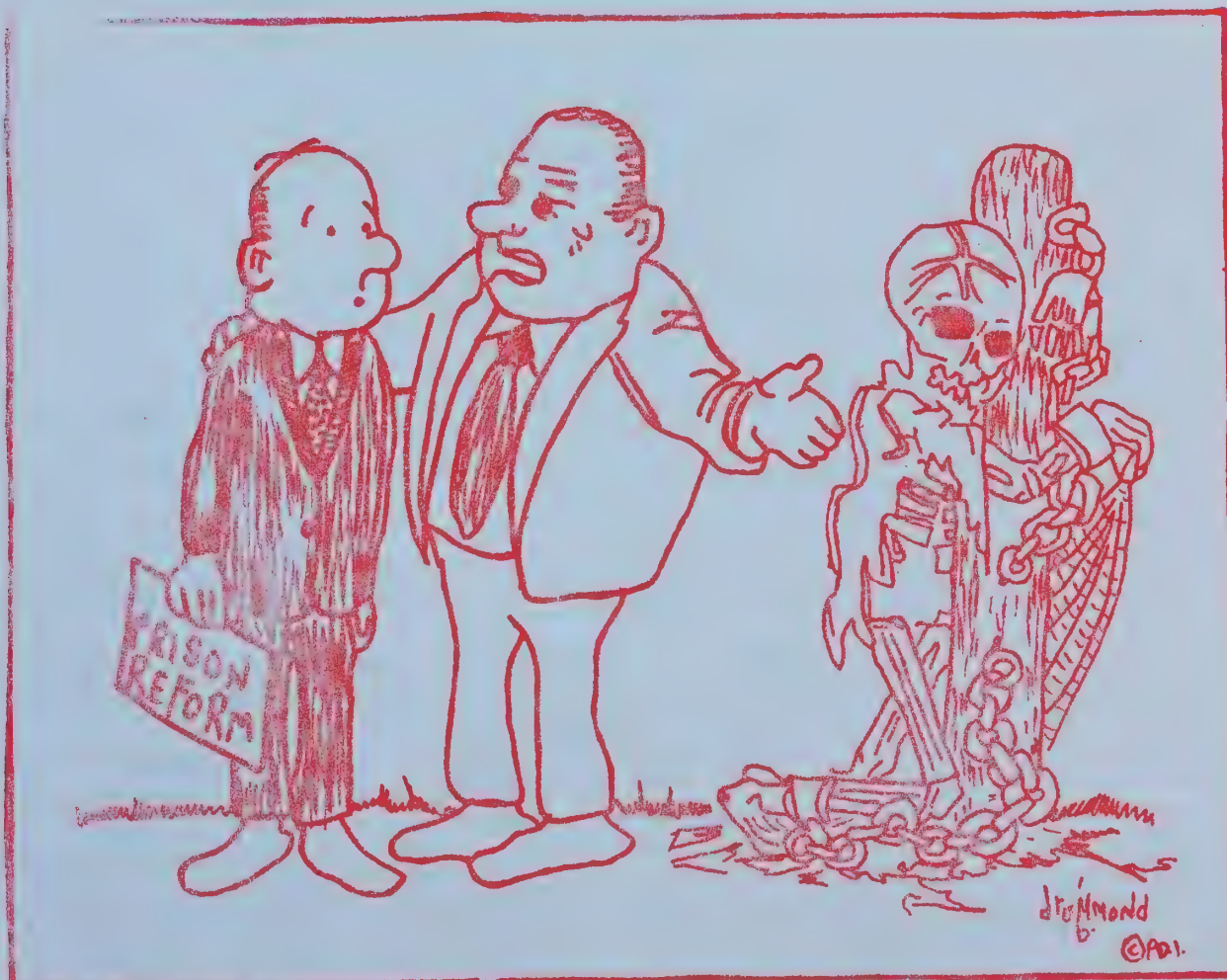
There could be a ray of hope in the support he is finally getting from Ottawa.

J.W. Cosman, director of education and training for Correctional Service of Canada, says: "It's probably the best program in North America."

He says plans to expand the program across Canada finally seem to be coming together.

When federal officials are considering the merits of the program, they will no doubt notice its obvious economic benefits.

Education is the least expensive program offered to inmates. The University of Victoria program costs about \$2,500 per student per year. It costs \$26,000 a year just to hold a convict in prison.



"WE JUST CAN'T RUSH INTO THESE THINGS...
WE MUST GO ONE STEP AT A TIME...."

From Go Boy

To Golden Boy

by KEN MAHER
Staff Writer
AMHERST DAILY NEWS

ROGER CARON says that as a child, he was like a primitive wind-up toy that darted about bumping into things. And for him, bumping into things meant getting into mischief.

His spring still hasn't unwound completely, but the explosive energy that kept "Mad Dog" Caron behind bars for 24 of his 42 years is now carrying him on the straight and narrow as an employee of the prison system.

The award winning author had a captive audience — a piece of irony that didn't escape him — when he spoke for nearly three hours Thursday afternoon to about 100 policemen, prison guards, parole and probation officers, lawyers and a couple of judges, during a criminal justice workshop in Tatamagouche.

After making a name for himself with an unmatched record of 13 escapes from federal maximum security prisons, Caron is now on the payroll of the Solicitor-general's Department — the only ex-inmate among the 700 employees at the national headquarters in Ottawa — and he jokingly refers to himself as "the golden boy of the correctional service."

He is officially called a consultant on inmate affairs, and his job is to make sure that the inmate's perspective is considered when the federal department is formulating new programs for its prisons.

He is also a public relations man for the correctional service, but pay-cheques don't buy any glowing descriptions of its system, its prisons, or its employees. In fact, his explanation for the ironic situation that allows him to attack the prison system is that "at least it's better than no publicity at all. . . at least the public is aware of what's going on."

He made that remark at a news conference following his address, but earlier he had vehemently denounced corrections officers in the maximum security institutions where he had been held.

He insisted that he could recall only two prison staff who had a positive influence on him. One was a teacher who first gave him the tools to write Go-Boy, the book that won him the Governor-General's award for literature and catapulted him from solitary confinement to world fame. The other was a tough guard nicknamed Dick Tracy, who "threw away the book" and ruled his charges with his fists.

His tightly-coiled anger threatened to come unwound when he spoke of the "sick individuals" in the guards' union who were slow to accept programs like the family visiting plan at Dorchester prison.

CHILDHOOD BEATINGS

To hear him tell of his childhood, it is not difficult to see where his anger came from.

Roger Caron was born in 1938, one of 15 children of a poor French-Canadian Catholic family.

His father was a bootlegger who preached to him of honesty while stealing shop tools from the "rich capitalists" for whom he worked, and giving both the neighborhood cop and the church their cut of his illicit gains from liquor.

Caron's earliest memories link unexplained beatings with religion. Catholicism, he says "was shoved down our throats" and his nightmares were filled with "the saints and devils that were used to threaten kids."

He was hyperactive, running from minor transgression to a beating by the nuns, to another misdemeanor, to more punishment administered by a parish priest, and then home to face his father's beatings.

To escape it all, he became a loner, running off to the woods to hunt and fish. It was his favorite hobby that led to his first prison sentence. After getting off with a probation and then a suspended sentence for earlier crimes, at 16 he was sent to the reformatory for 18 months for breaking in to a sports store to steal some fishing gear.

LITANY OF VIOLENCE

From there it was "graduation" to Guelph, where he was the youngest con, where specialists held crime workshops in every corner of the yard, and where "retribution was the word."

Roger Caron's next 24 years were a long litany of escapes, knifings, beatings and more escapes.

His body is tattooed with 3,000 stitches from his run-ins with "my numbered neighbors" and "the screws."

He was used as a guinea pig in a bizarre experiment with a mind-altering drug that left him with amnesia and led to his first escape attempt.

With a 29½-years stretch ahead of him, he was thrown in "the hole" (solitary confinement), for 19 months and six days. He says, perhaps jokingly, the warden at Kingston was just tired of being called out of bed to be told that Caron had tried to go over the wall again.

He claims the dubious distinction of being the only prisoner ever refused a cell at Dorchester, when the warden met him and his RCMP escort at the front gate and said he would not take him. With official pressure from Ottawa, they eventually took him in — straight into the hole.

JELLYBEAN POWER

His book — the title comes from the yells of encouragement that accompanied an escape attempt — was 16 years in the making, and it made it to the outside eight months before its author was paroled two years ago.

With little formal education, and only a budding interest in reading, Caron discovered the power of words when he mischievously used jellybeans — a Christmas present from a Salvation Army worker — to spell out "certain four letter words" to get back at a guard while in solitary confinement in Kingston.

When that guard flew into a rage, and he got the same result with others without having to be further punished, Caron recalls, "it felt so good to express myself."

He then gathered paper, pencils and a dictionary and spilled out everything in words.

"I wrote from my guts," Caron says. "It was just mass incoherency . . . a babble of words . . . whole pages with no commas or nothin' . . . but it felt so good!!"

For the next 16 years, the paper bundle went everywhere he did, and when he walked out of the devastated Kingston penitentiary after the violent riots of 1971, the only belongings he carried over his head were the 1,800 pages of manuscript. The plastic-wrapped bundle was taken from him and sent to the local

dump before Caron and the other inmates were whisked 18 miles away to the newly built Millhaven maximum security prison.

By some miracle, his manuscript was found by a staff member days later as he searched through the dump for the valuables that had been snatched from other prisoners.

The book, published in 1978, has won this country's highest literary honor, it has sold 300,000 copies in French and English in Canada alone, and Caron has pocketed a six-figure advance for the movie rights. A movie is also planned based on his present project, an account of the Kingston riot, titled Bingo, but Caron has never read his own books.

The "Mad Dog" — a bit of hyperbole dreamed up by an Ontario newspaper writer — still has about seven years left to carry "the invisible chains" of parole, but he says he will survive as a loner on the outside just as he survived on the inside.

Caron has the speechmaker's gift of self-effacing humor, and his hard green eyes sparkle when he tells of an invitation to address a convention of 150 executives of the Bank of Nova Scotia.

"My last bank job was the Nova Scotia," he chuckles, "so I don't mind taking their money this way."

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ecology action centre

The JUSUN Newsletter is published monthly
by the Centre, Forrest Building
Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

Jail Farms Growing Success

Patricia Cluchy
THE TORONTO STAR

"INSTEAD OF VEGETATING BEHIND BARS convicts are now growing tons of potatoes, carrots and a host of other vegetables to feed themselves.

Inmates of 37 jails and detention centres are farming more than 440 acres of prison land and tending 1,448 chickens, 35 pigs, 17 cattle and 14 calves, in a food self-sufficiency program the Minister of Correctional Services is calling a huge success.

"It's really taken off. The staff are really enthusiastic," resources management co-ordinator Norman Cramp said yesterday.

"The staff have something they can get their teeth into and the inmates can see the fruits of their labors. The inmates aren't always happy hoeing weeds but, in general they're very interested."

SAVINGS EXPECTED

Cramp said that in this fiscal year, the first year of the five-year program that aims at cutting as much as one-fifth from the \$5 million annual food tab for the provinces 51 jails, the ministry expects to save \$183,000 on food for its 5,000 inmates.

He said the ministry expects to harvest 700 tons of potatoes and 50 tons each of cabbages, carrots, turnips, and beets this year.

Some examples of farming projects started since April:

At Camp Hillsdale, north of Barrie, five inmates have almost completed a poultry and pig barn that will house 500 chickens and 30 pigs. Cramp said 123 chickens already on the site are "laying like crazy" and providing eggs for the camp's 14 inmates and inmates of the Barrie jail;

At Brockville jail, which houses about 20 inmates, prisoners planted cabbages, carrots and other vegetables between rows of trees on 12 acres;

HYDROPONIC PROJECT

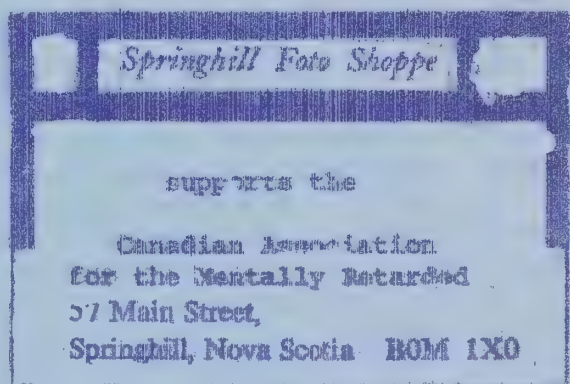
At Chatham jail, three guards and four inmates netted 1,600 pounds of smelt during four nights of midnight fishing on Lake Erie. The catch was enough to provide a weekly smelt meal for a year at the Chatham jail, which houses 40 inmates, and to send 700 pounds of smelts to two other jails.

Also at Hillsdale, inmates built a maple syrup shack out of lumber scraps and produced 40 gallons of maple syrup during March and April.

Cramp said the ministry is asking staff with experience to share their knowledge.

"Strangely enough we've come up on some really good ones. There was one individual who set up a hydroponic system (which utilizes nutrient solutions instead of soil to grow plants) in Saudi Arabia and he is going to set up one in Maplehurst."

Cramp said that before the voluntary program started, prison vegetable gardens covered less than 40 acres. He said the program will expand as more land becomes arable and additional structures are built.



It would serve no useful purpose to send him to prison, your Honor! He's been rehabilitated three times already.

SKIN BEEFERS:

A Bomb Ready To Explode

from THE GLOBE & MAIL
Toronto June 27th, 1980

by DAVID LANCASHIRE — Chief Feature Writer

IN PRISON SLANG THEY ARE CALLED "SKIN BEEFERS." They are the sex criminals — the rapists, the child molesters, the sodomists, committers of incest, or the sex murderers. More than 1,000 of them are behind bars in Canada's penitentiaries.

Fewer than 5 per cent of the sex convicts, reports the Correctional Service of Canada that runs the penitentiaries, are receiving the kind of therapy that might cure their criminal impulses.

"We are not getting at enough of the sex offenders — we do not have a full treatment program," says Lloyd Pisapio, deputy commissioner for offender programs in the correctional service. "The system is nowhere near as sophisticated or as available (to prisoners) as we would like it to be."

Criminologists, psychologists, even authorities in charge of the treatment programs, agree that no sure-fire cure exists for sex criminals. And the program used in Canadian penitentiaries, they concede, produces few beneficial results. But questionable therapy is better than none, they argue.

"Let's face it," says Ottawa criminologist Carole Anne Searle, a specialist in sex-offender programs and former projects officer in the Canadian Penitentiary Service. "Most of them get back on the street when their sentence is finished, and an untreated sex offender released from prison is a bomb waiting to explode. He comes out more frustrated, brutal and dangerous than when he went in. The risk is at least smaller if they get therapy."

In 1977, a parliamentary sub-committee headed by Mark MacGuigan, now Canada's External Affairs Minister, examined the penitentiary system and concluded that curative treatment for sex criminals was "almost non-existent." The MacGuigan committee recommended setting up "several separate institutions for the treatment of sex offenders." None has been built.

At the time the penitentiaries held 892 sex criminals, the committee reported, and "only 71 participate in some sort of (treatment) program, however limited."

Three years later, figures from the Correctional Service of Canada show the number of sex offenders in penitentiaries across the country has grown to 1,060. "At most, 60 of them are getting treatment in sex-offender programs," says Mr. Pisapio.

Sex criminals now make up more than 10 per cent of Canada's penitentiary population of 9,600. This does not include criminally insane offenders confined to institutions such as the Penetanguishene Mental Health Centre.

Most of the sane inmates undergoing therapy are in the Regional Psychiatric Centre at Abbotsford, B.C., 45 miles from Vancouver. Behind a 12-foot fence, the sex offenders live and work with mentally ill murderers, drug addicts and other criminals under armed guard, meeting in group-therapy sessions, training with psychiatrists, nurses and biofeedback machines to modify their behavioral tendencies. In four years of operation during the 1970s the Abbotsford program treated fewer than 30 sex convicts. The corrections service says no record has been kept of whether its patients committed sex crimes again after their release.



Several sex offenders are in a psychiatric institution at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon. The Saskatoon unit opened a year ago "but it is not yet fully staffed or fully occupied," says Mr. Pisapio. A few more get brief psychiatric programs at the Philippe Pânel Institute in Quebec. About a dozen are at Kingston Penitentiary's Regional Psychiatric Centre, housed in protective custody in a cellblock where doctors say the skin beefers live in terror of attack by other convicts.

Ever since a royal commission report in 1938, judges, criminologists and medical authorities have repeatedly urged the need for separate institutions for sex criminals, both for treatment and for protection from prisoners who regard child molesters and rapists as fair targets for murder. Five skin beefers have been killed by fellow convicts in the penitentiaries since 1974.

Sex offenders in most federal prisons have access to limited psychiatric counselling, "but I would say that two-thirds of the 1,060 inmates spend their sentences in protective custody, and finement," Mr. Pisapio says. "These people either just vegetate or they come out worse than when their sentences began."

"Many of them live in fear 24 hours a day," said a 1974 report by Penitentiary Ombudsman Inger Hansen. The fear, the frustration and the fantasies these prisoners build up, says criminologist Searle, can "turn a man into a real animal. I wouldn't like to be around when he gets out. Some people think sex cases burn themselves out as they get older. It's not true. A rapist can be a rapist even if he's 70 years old. If he gets feeble, he can find weaker victims."

The 1977 recommendation for special prisons proposed as a model the U.S. Treatment Center for Sexual Offenders at Fort Steilacoom in the State of Washington. There more than 200 inmates at a time are kept under constant, intensive group therapy. Doctors claim the treatment's success rate is 80 per cent.

Washington state permits suitable, carefully screened sex offenders to take at least 18 months of treatment at Fort Steilacoom as an alternative to a prison sentence. If the therapy is declared successful, a court releases the prisoner on probation and he returns directly to the outside world without serving any time in jail. U.S. officials maintain that four men out of five do not reappear in court for sex crimes.

"This is the concept we favored but it is impossible under Canadian law," says Mr. Pisapio. "Legislation here is that the offender must serve out his sentence, so that he could not be released on early probation even if a court was satisfied he was cured."

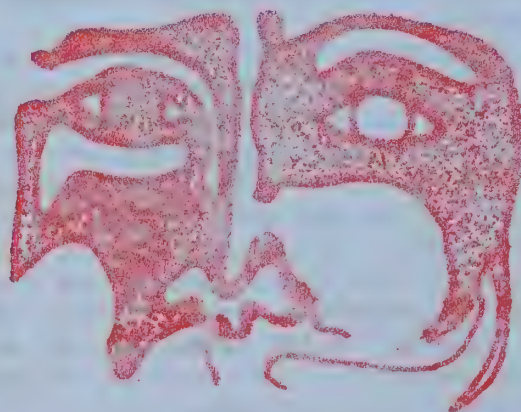
"Once a man has been treated he is returned to prison to serve the rest of his sentence and then he regresses -- all the benefits go down the tube. (Prisoners given treatment toward the end of a long sentence are often too hardened for effective therapy.) For the therapy to work, it is imperative that the man treated be returned directly to the community, not to a cell."

The corrections service, Mr. Pisapio says, has proposed to the Solicitor-General and the Ministry of Justice that appropriate legislation be developed to permit U.S.-style treatment programs in Canada.

Such programs, however, would not apply to sex killers. Fort Steilacoom does not accept murderers and projects proposed in Canada would not include dangerous sexual offenders.

Treatment of any sex offenders in special institutions remains a distant prospect, penal officials report, and Canada's Solicitor-General, Robert Kaplan, says sex criminals are not high on the priority list in amending the Criminal Code.

"For the time being, we are trying to develop more treatment programs in the penitentiaries," Mr. Kaplan says. "A joint committee is looking at changes in legislation but I don't foresee quick action. There is considerable concern among the Canadian public about any early release of sex offenders and a suspicion about programs that purport to cure them."



COMMITTEE NOTES:

With the Inmate Constitution firmly in place the Inmate Committee have now got a clear framework to work from. Not only does the Inmate Committee have more responsibility, it also has much more input into what goes on inside this prison.

One of the main responsibilities of the Inmate Committee is to find an answer or solution to any complaint or problem which might arise in our day to day life inside this prison. Most problems can usually be worked out, except for disciplinary charges, into which we have very little or no input at all.

Overall organization of activities and special events is likely the Committee's biggest job, with things happening on a regular basis. Future projects such as the natural food sale, Family Visiting Day, Xmas boxes and all of the other Xmas activities will be giving the Committee much to do.

The Inmate Committee has decided to have a natural food sale and book sale within every four month period, this would give us a major sale every two months, with all of the profits from these sales going into our General Welfare Fund.

The creation of both a Sports and Entertainment Committee will help the Inmate Committee do as much as possible in these vital areas. Without a good recreation program, prison life can be quite miserable. The Sports and Entertainment Committee's are made up of one member from each unit and those Committee's work with the Inmate Committee on a regular basis. The more concerned and capable people we have on those Committee's the more work will get done.

The present Inmate Committee is drawing up a yearly calander and establishing a framework for future Inmate Committee's to work from. All special events and occasions will be planned well ahead of time, so that we can utilize the Inmate Welfare Fund to bring as much benefit to the inmate population as possible. As well, the individual committee members should be using their Unit Welfare Fund for such things as long weekend and Xmas tournaments.

To keep tabs on what basic issues the Inmate Committee bring to the Administration, check your bulletin boards the first week of each month or just ask your unit representative about any issue of concern. Your Inmate Committee is your means of communicating with the Administration, so feel free to use it.

NATIONAL



HEAD OFFICE
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA
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GIFTWARE
LIGHTERS
RINGS
JEWELLERY
CAMERAS
APPLIANCES
RADIOS
TROPHIES
SPORTING GOODS
DECORATIONS

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE



TIER FOR A TEAR

by

Rae S. Stewart

I am running track, back and forth, inside my six by eight foot cell, when I suddenly spy the moon shining through my window. Feeling relieved that there is something new to look at, I stop jogging and go to look out into the blackness, only to find the reflection of my cell light, bouncing back at me. Disappointed at the trick the light has played on me, I proceed to jog again. Actually, it is more like a slow trot. If I move too fast I would surely run into a wall. I repeat my course: away from the window, past the toilet to the front of my cell, where my bars stand to constantly watch me, like sentinels. That is as far as I can go, so I turn around and head back toward the window again. As I pass the light, I look up at it, and it seems to be looking at me smugly, as if it knows it has fooled me. I start to curse at it, but control myself. I have always imagined there was a camera in there, similar to the kind used by department stores, to spot shoplifters. I remember once that I was so beat for something to do, I climbed on top of my toilet and peered into the light to see if I could see a camera. Of course, there probably weren't any mini t.v.'s in here, the state's budget undoubtedly wouldn't allow it, but I've been here long enough not to underestimate anything. The last thing I wanted them to see, was me standing in the middle of my cell, cursing out the light.

As I turn to head back to the bars, I notice a flat-chested, beer-bellied, hunched-back cop, standing outside my bars, watching me. The side profile of her torso, resembles a number 6. I didn't hear her come down the tier and I am startled, though I hope I do not show it. My pounding heart leaves my throat and returns safely to its original place, enabling me to trot on, without risking a heart attack. By my fourth lap, I see she is still standing there. Evidently, the cop wants me to acknowledge her presence, so I do just the opposite, and continue to ignore her. She finally decided to break the stalemate. She speaks. "I don't know why you're jogging. You're as skinny as a rail now."

I look at her in mock surprise, as if seeing her for the first time. I continue trotting as I answer. "Cuz, if I leave this joint one pound over than when I came in, you guys will go around sayin' I was rescued instead of arrested!"

The cop cannot think of a worthwhile comment, so she starts to waddle on down the tier. I suddenly remember I want my light out and call out after her. "Hit the switch, bitch!" Boredom can cause you to do and say things you normally would not do or say.

I hear her waddling back to my cell in break-neck speed. I really never realized she could move that fast. I deposit the miraculous feat into my memory bank for future reference. This time the huge woman stands at my bars facing them, her profile now like a number 8. "What did you say, Rae Stewart?" One thing is now certain: she definitely knows who I am.

"Shut out my light," I answer. I'm sure I am the picture of pure innocence.

She isn't going for it. "No. I mean EXACTLY, what did you say?"

"Hit the switch, Miss!"

She goes for it, but only because she is too lazy to argue the point. She shuts off my light, (the switch is located outside my cell) and begins to waddle back down the tier. I smile as I listen to her stockinged, fat thighs, rubbing together as she walks. Whish, swish! Swish, swish!

I plop back on my cot and listen to the air gush out of the plastic mattress under my weight. I am exhausted and bored now with jogging.

I am housed on the Segregation Tier of the Clinton Correctional Institution for Women, the only women's prison in New Jersey.

Administrative Segregation — as defined by the State: A close custody confinement for an inmate who has been adjudicated guilty of one or more disciplinary infractions and whose behavior has demonstrated that his continued presence in general population could pose a threat to the safe, secure and orderly operations of the institution because of his demonstrated inability to conform his behavior to institutional rules and regulations.

Administrative Segregation — as defined by me (pertaining to my particular case): Twenty-two hours and fifty minutes a day confinement in a small cell for a prisoner who has been tried, found guilty and sentenced, by one hearing officer and whose behavior has demonstrated that her continued presence in general population could pose a threat to officials in that they might have to better prison conditions because of her demonstrated ability to speak up for her rights.

I am segregated, because I was labelled by the Administration, as one of two "leaders" of a recent sit-in, held in the Maximum Security Unit, I was formerly housed. It was a peaceful sit-in, held in the gym of that unit, protesting the lack of medical, educational and recreational services; and police harassment in Maximum Security. Myself and another woman, Christine, were labelled leaders, because we were the Prisoner Representatives of that unit. (Prisoner Representatives are voted in by the prisoners and approved by the Classification Committee.) The women sent a petition to the Warden stating they participated in the sit-in of their own accord, and neither Chris nor I encouraged them. The petition was an attempt to free Chris and I from Segregation, and have us returned to population. The petition failed. We will be in Segregation for the next six months, where days seem never ending and last week seems like last year.

I am allowed out of my cell daily for a one minute shower and a one hour period to "stretch my legs" on the tier in front of my cell. Many times I lose out on this precious hour and ten minutes because of a shortage of officers, for no prisoner is allowed out of her cell in this unit, unless two officers are present. The rest of my day and night is spent in my cell, where I eat, shit, read, write, exercise and listen. Sounds are very important, since there is more to hear than see, but most of the sounds of the segregated are not pleasant, for this is the tier of hopes, dreams and tears.

I heard Diane in her cell, yelling that she doesn't want to take her thorazine, because it makes her feel like a zombie. They keep her doped up to keep her slowed down. I heard Maxine crying, because her mother passed away and she can't go to the funeral because it's in another state. I heard when they came to take Pat to the State Hospital after she shampooed her hair with her own shit. I heard when a prisoner was having a visit, for visits are held in an empty cell at the end of the tier. I heard someone flush their toilet and I waited to see if their water would run, indicating they had washed their hands, and I wondered if anyone listened for me after I flushed. I heard Dot talking about how she hopes her parole officer doesn't put her in another junkie hotel when she leaves here. She has no family and she was sent to a notes full of junkies, pimps and whores, the last time she left here. She didn't make it out there. I heard Mary saying how she would be able to get an apartment if she saves her money from the job she plans to get, for at least five months, but I hear the wistfulness in her voice, because she can't help wondering what I'm wondering:

where the hell is she going to stay the first five months even if she can find someone willing to hire a convicted murderess? I heard Sally talk about how she's not going to use anymore drugs, but I wonder who she's trying to convince: herself or us, for in her voice I hear doubt. I heard Donna thumping about wildly in the cell next to me, and I know she is having another seizure. I yell for the officer, but she cannot unlock Donna's cell and help her, because she needs the presence of another officer. Another officer finally comes, but when they get to Donna's cell, they discover they have the wrong key and they have to go back and get Donna's key. All this time I am cursing the officers out and praying, with tears in my eyes, that Donna doesn't choke on her own damn tongue. Now I hear silence. It gets so quiet sometimes, you can hear a rat piss on cotton.

I have not been out of my cell for two days now. Yesterday was Christmas and there still isn't enough officers working, to spare one to unlock my cell, so I can shower and "stretch my legs." It is a challenge to find ways to occupy my time and for the first time in my life, I am thankful that I know how to read and write, since that is how I use the majority of my time. When I tire of that and silence becomes unbearable, I yell down the tier to Christine. I know the holidays have her depressed as they have me.

"Hey, co-defendant!"

"Yo, yo!"

"I'll never sit-out in the gym again!"

"Why? This segregation time getting to ya?"

"No. There ain't no food in the gym. We shoulds sat in the kitchen!"

There is laughter now and laughter is the best sound to be heard. I think about how lucky I am that Christines sense of humor is equal to mine. Neither of us are remorseful, for we feel what we did was right. I don't want to break our communication off yet, because hearing another voice that is not filled with sorrow, has lifted my spirits a bit.

"Hey Chris!"

"Yo, yo!"

"Sure wish they'd bring us some hot water, so we can have coffee. I know it's time." We are allowed to have hot water three times a day, to use the instant coffee we buy from the commissary, but we often lose this luxury because of lazy officers. I know the officer that is on today is very lazy.

"I'll call the officer," Chris tells me. She uses a phoney, nasal voice and calls, "turn-key, turn-key!" Chris does this in a low voice, because it is only done for my benefit to return to me a laugh, like I had given her. I laugh and in her normal voice she calls down the tier for the officer.

"What do you want?" The officer snaps.

"May we have hot water for coffee?" Chris asks.

"I'm busy. You'll get it on the next shift."

"The next shift won't give it to us," I protest. "We are only allowed to have it on your shift."

"I'm busy," the cop repeats, showing how irritated she is, because she had to work Christmas day and the day after.

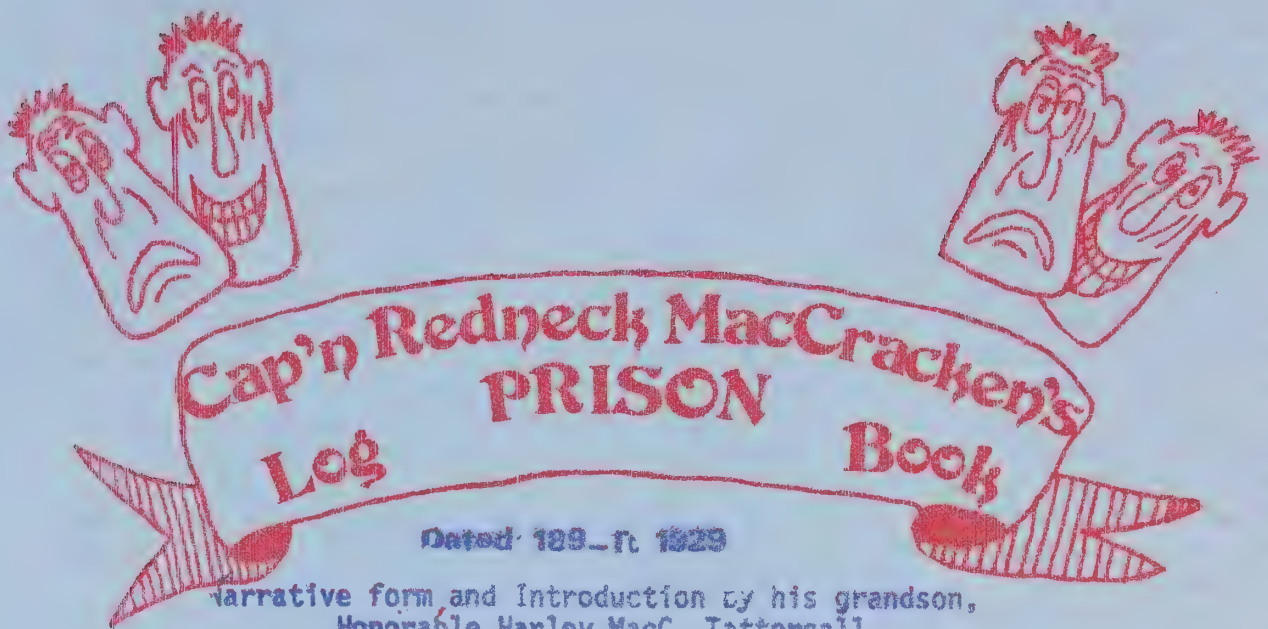
I decide to show how irritated I am, because I had to stay in my cell all of Christmas day and the day after. I mentally run down my list of insults that don't contain any curse words. I know if I curse at her she will give me a charge, and I am in control of myself enough not to give her the satisfaction. I pick out an appropriate insult to give her. "That's why you're so fat! You're too lazy to get up and do your job!"

She shows me I hit a nerve. "Don't you worry 'bout how fat I am! You don't have to sleep with me!"

"Thank God for small favors!" I shot back, and evidently she couldn't think of anything to say, because the tier filled with silence, so the argument was terminated. I heard Chris laughing. "Eh, Chris, we really ain't gonna get no hot water now!"

"I know," Chris says between chuckles, "But we weren't gonna get none noway."

I run the water in my sink and make my instant coffee. Although the water seemed hot when I was running it, it proves to be only lukewarm when the liquid touches my lips. I pour it down my drain in disgust, and go to the window for the second time tonight. The moon is there. I turn around quickly, to make sure the light isn't playing tricks on me again, but the light is still out. I look back into the blackness and stare at the moon. Tears have forced their way into my eyes and I can't fight them back any longer. I cry for all the Dianas, Marshas, Pats, Dots, Marys, Sallys, Donnas, Christines, and mes. I cry for a system we cannot seem to change, for it was rooted long before our time. They play an eye for an eye, we pay a tooth for a tooth, and if we cry out for our rights, they give: a tier for a tear.



by EUGENE DANIELS

All characters, events and locales are f(r)ictional but are drawn from the author's acquaintanceship with real people mostly dead, real circumstances and shifted locales. The barbarian customs, practices, attitudes and conditions referred to herein are true, and taken from the author's personal knowledge of and experience in sundry jails and prisons, and from documents and photographs some prisons take no trouble to hide.

The name under which the author writes is a nom de guerre, and aptly so. It is hard to visualize sane people alive nowadays who can know of similar brutalizing conditions existing in some present day prisons and not scream for reform of penal policies. As all informed sources know: There are many ways to skin a cat.

But he mocks the scars who has not felt the wounds.

I WRITE HERE WHAT GRANDPA TOLD ME OF THE STORY HE DID NOT WRITE IN HIS log, during his first years as a wagon master. True, he lacked the formal education and training generally required of those hiring on as security officers in most penal systems today. But he had a native intelligence, and hewed a close line to what his judgement and conscience dictated. Back then, he said, he had to make do, or do without. With only bare and meagre supplies of food and medicine, he had the responsibility of ten or more convicts, a 10' by 18' wagon cage, two mules, and himself. In a word: GYPSIES.

"I walked back over to my outfit and returned with the young half-breed exchange for Hawkes. Didn't want to, cause Bradley was a mean 'un on nigras an' Injins an' this young buck was both. Way I got it was his pa was a Cheyenne. Anyways, when the warden and them three bosses walked off with the breed in tow, I surely felt glum. The other three cons who volunteered to come back on my rig had calmed the young 'un some about the way he'd get treated, an' now I get a bucket of skin and bones, who'd been wupped, and had the look of a watchful rattler with a sac-ful of poison: eager to strike, sink in his fangs and jet his venom.

I could smell his meanness over the stink of his rage.

I glanced at him, noticed his dark eyes narrowed, studyin' me. "You're a pore lookin' critter, Hawes." I watched him rubbing the sores on his wrists silently while I held the chains removed from the breed when the exchange was made. "You musta done a peck of cuttin' up."

He shrugged. "Some." He bent to rub his ankles, then squatted.

Some of the other teams were movin' out, or almost ready to. The stamp of mule hooves, their snorting and the creak and crack of leather caught his ears as he rubbed himself. He had the love alright, the wildness, the heat in his loins. To chain such a spirited animal was, to him, a shame and

insult. No man liked being chained, but men were different. Some adjusted. Some allowed chains as the price of guilt, as a penance.

I hear'd tell of some usin' chains as weapons. . .if they could pick the locks. . .so the bosses kept close watch and searched.

The westerly sun got me anxious, so I hefted the chains. "Time we set out, Hawkes."

He started forward, stopped, peered at me, then at the chains and back at me.

"Forgetting something?"

I dropped the irons, pulled a tobacco plug from my vest pocket and bit off a hunk. While rolling and teasing the quid to a tol'able lump, I eyed him straightly, bein' a bit fired up at him. "No, but you did. . .and mebber that's one reason you got some of these markin's on you."

"And you're going to whip me if I don't say 'sir,' too. . .eh, Redneck?"

I didn't think, I just punched out, straight, my shoulder behind it, my left fist connectin' solid to his mouth. He landed flat on his back, knocking up a cloud of dust. I leaned over checkin' him. His lips were split in three or so places, and on top of my knuckles stingin', I felt like I'd kicked a dog. I was mad at myself. Disgusted.

But with his kind mebber I did right. Some folks get like a bull in a china shop, if you let 'em get just their head in the door they'll ruin everything. Give a horse, a woman or a convik an inch, they take a mile.

A little blood trickled down his nose an' he coughed himself awake. I stepped back a bit when he raised, the sun behind me, my shadow shading him.

He turned his head slowly, wiped his mouth. "You're fast, mister. . ."

"MacCracken," I supplied, almost spelling it out. "You might've asked."

We both noticed blood when he spit, then getting to his feet, he winced when he touched his bleeding lips and fingered two loose upper teeth.

"Hawkes, am I gonna get more of this shit from you?" I stepped closer.

"No. . .no sir, I mean."

He corrected himself easily, as though from an oversight. "I don't like smart-asses, Hawkes, and I've been wagon boss a mite over two years and I ain't laid a whip to a man yet."

"I'm not surprised. . .with a punch like that."

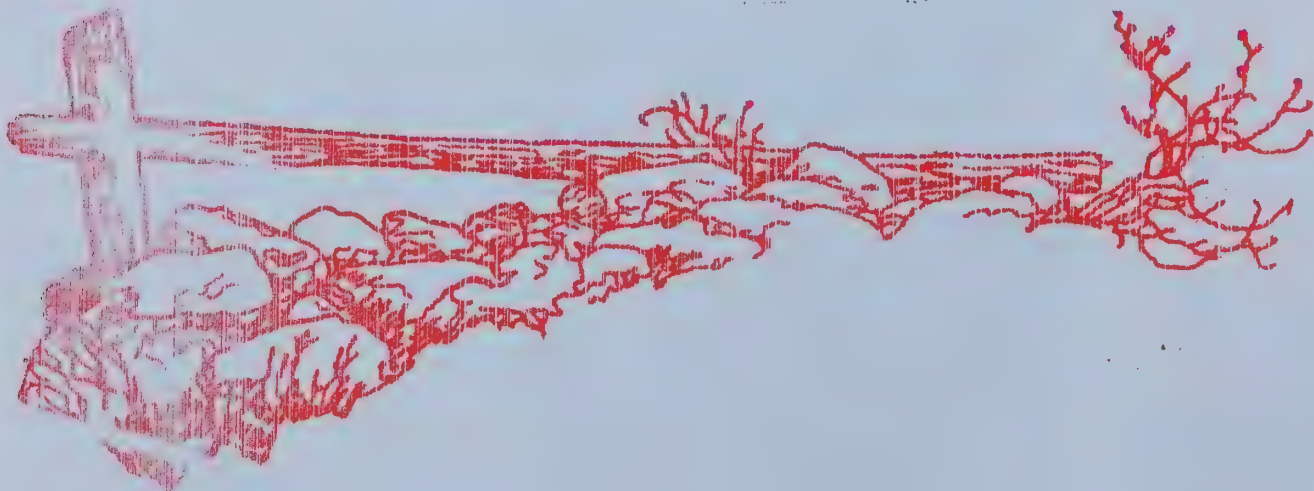
"I didn't hear that!"

"Sir, yes SIR! Sorry, mister Mac, uh, sir. . . ."

"Even Mr. Mac's alright. Now pick up those chains and get a move on. I want to be 10 miles away from this compound by nightfall."

We camped down about a half mile off West Road, which followed the bends of the Yousee River, renamed now, but back then it got its name from an old trapper and prospector, Esie Jones. Now "you see" him, then you won't. It was a pretty camping grounds, tall timber and sweet pure mountain air which tumbled down the steep, almost vertical, mountain sides on the far bank.

Having used the place before, some of the fellows who'd been with me for a spell knew how to make preparations, and I could hear 'em fish, frolic and swim a couple days, wash their clothes and rest if they wanted. They slept outdoors, that is in one area built up with leaves, brush and whatever they had to make a softer bed than their metal bunks and straw ticking. And this privilege caused me some worry, especially since I didn't have to let 'em romp and so on, and the problems I might have unchaining and re-chaining 'em was something else. Duke Hawkes was the only one not in chains that evening when we pulled in to the river bend camp. I'd given him a sack of sour-dough blaquits and fat-back before we left prison and had him walk the road in front of the mules. Either that, I'd told him, or I'd re-





He had spunk alright, an' I saw a spark flare in his eyes. Yep, weighin his chances, I thought, but he came at me from another tack.

"Mind if I talk straight, Mr. Mac?"

"As straight as you want. . . so long as you put the right ending on it."

"Yes sir. This is the first time I've had the ruffs and chains off in more than a year. The only time they came off, on the other outfits I was on, was either when a guy did his time or died. . . one way or another."

He paused, I waited and spit a stream. "That figgers. So?"

"I don't want to be shot. Sir," he added quickly, touching his lips.

I guess my jaw dropped. Some of my prisoners laughed softly from the rear of the wagon. Maybe I was missin' something, an' it got me peeved. If Hawkes had cracked a smile, I was primed to punch him again.

"Mr. Mac, sir?" He musta saw me building up.

"What?"

"The bosses on the other wagons I was on got \$40.00 for every escaped or escaping convict they killed. Twenty-five dollars for each they catch. Do you get the same, sir?"

"I never heard such bullshit in my life! Rigney," I yelled.

"Yes sir, Mr. Mac," piped a thin voice from the back of the wagon.

"What's this he says?"

"Why it's true, Mr. Mac. Every bit. Been thataway fer five years I know of. Usta be 60-40, but some bosses got too greedy, I guess. Yes Sir."

"Well I'll be dipped in shit." I spit and glanced at Hawkes, who was watching to see how I took the information. "So you figgered I'd shoot you."

"Mr. Mac, look at it from my side. I don't know you or what's in your mind. Those other bosses had favorites they'd unchain, and give them extras for snitching and being their "cooter-boys," and when they wore out and didn't produce for some reason they shot some for getting "drunk" and. . ."

"And?"

He studied me for some time before swallowing and spoke again, softly.

"I was. . . I am a good worker. They don't shoot good workers. I had to be. Two of them wanted me to be their "pigeon". . . he broke off, looking uneasy.

I felt almost as sick as he looked. Reckon I had a lot to learn, but I wondered what price I'd have to pay for what I learnt and if it was worth it. Truth was right then I was nigh to quitting, driving the wagon back inside the fort-like walls and kicking the warden's ass. I never cared for the pot-bellied bastard no how, though I'm not one to like or dislike someone on first sight. Now they dress, drink or diddle; what their church or politics is, or how they part their hair if they have any is no never mind to me. What they DO to me is what matters. The fact the warden did not tell me of any bounty on escaping convicts got me to wondering why.

What happened to the reward money for two convicts I'd caught in a hay rick ten months ago, their chains hanging loose from wrist and ankle cuffs? They'd escaped from another crew. I'd fed 'em for 3 weeks before I made circuit back to prison and all I got was a pat on the back with supplemental rations of potatoes, onions, corn meal, beans and salt pork.

Who got the money?

Boy! was I pissed.

THE OAK DOOR by "Blue" © 1981

I walked slowly, stiffly, up the cracked and faded concrete steps. At the top, I reached shakily for the ornate door knob, it's gleaming polished brass glaring menacingly at me.

"Please, oh God please let it be locked." My mind screamed.

The knob turned only too easily in my shaky, sweaty grip. Once through the door, I entered a tiny anti-room and saw an old, cruel looking woman, sitting there, working, slowly looking up at me from her paperwork. My heart beat furiously as I somehow slid my unwilling feet towards her, my voice cracking and sounding unreal to my ears under the pressure of what I knew was waiting for me.

"My name is John Carmichael." I managed to croak.

The woman looked down at her papers and gave me a wickedly knowing smile. She pointed her crooked finger towards a chair alone in the far corner of the room.

"Yes, you can wait over there!"

"Run, run." My mind screamed. "You know what they are going to do to you, quick, run out the door and into the street before it's too late."

But I sat, waiting, thinking of the pain that was surely awaiting me. I saw the solid old oak door through which soon I would be walking. My heart started to pound even more fiercely in my chest and the sweat poured out of my forehead.

"Oh why." I thought. "Why did I ever let it come to this? I should have known, should have seen it coming."

My mind whirled with the questions I knew I could never answer. I listened, straining my ears trying to hear any sound from through that door, as to what it was really like. What manner of inhumane tortures I would be submitted to before the day was done. If only I had listened to the warnings of others, if only I had done something, anything to prevent what I was ultimately to now go through.

I tried vainly to look around the room I now sat in to take my mind off of what I knew was soon to come. I looked down at the faded carpet beneath my feet.

"How many others before me, have walked upon this tattered floor covering." I thought. "How many others have felt and heard the screams of denial inside of them, knowing that they were next?"

I shook my head, trying to clear away those dreadful thoughts. But it was all around me, in the carpet, the walls, the chair I sat on, and yes, in that old oak door. I looked at it, nay, stared at it with all my might, trying to see through the thick wood that hid from my transfixed sight the things that I feared most. Then I saw it move, yes, slowly at first and then faster and faster, yes, it was opening, that dark horrible old oak door was opening and I knew surely then I must die right there on the spot!

The quickening beat of my heart pounded loudly in my ears and I could feel my whole body starting to shake. From somewhere off in the distance I heard the woman call my name, and I walked in a daze into the inner room. I heard the old oak door close softly behind me, ultimately sealing my fate.

I felt the hand of a tall muscular man take me by the elbow and lead me to a large chair in the middle of this room. I looked wildly about me for a place to escape, to run, to hide. I knew in my heart that I must leave this horrible place before it was too late. But I sat there, numb, sweating and shaking, seeing the instruments of my torture lined up, waiting for me to submit.

I looked over to the big man, pleading with my eyes, hoping, praying that he would see my turmoil and give me a reprieve. But he just smiled and said.

"Your my first one today, just sit back and relax."

"Relax." I thought. "How can I possibly relax with what pain I knew I must soon endure."

My mind raced wildly, and my body felt numb.

"Relax, how can I relax after all I'm only nine years old. I've never had a cavity before and this is my first time to-to. . .

A Dentist!!!

EUREKART by Eugene Daniels

When the flash of a new idea first struck
The Cro-magnon's primitive fancy,
This first engineer picked up a bone
And scratched out something chancy.
This first crude sketch the world should see
Was a thrill to his ape-ish heart.
And the Devil shispered in his ear,
"That's progress. . .but is it Art?"

So he yelled with mirth and fashioned the earth,
The first of his tribe with vision.
The first of his kind with such a mind,
Who acted with iron decision.
And he willed his heap to be built by his sons,
Leaving only a mud foundation.
The Devil leered, and he wrote, "It's Art?"
On the base of the world's first prison.

They built rock towers to blot the sky,
And shstter the stars apart —
The Devil surmised behind a rock,
"It's striking. . .but is it Art?"
Stones were rolled from the quarry side,
And crudely a derrick swung,
While prisoners carped with this form of Art
All in an alien tongue.

They dug and they picked in the North and South —
They sweat and they groaned in the West —
Till the blood level rose in the craggy yard,
And thus the first prisoners had rest;
Had rest till the dark red walls arose
And dogs were trained to bark.
And the Devil called from off the wall,
"You did it. . .but is it Art?"

They learned to hack a long-horn's hide
To the shape of a woman's purse.
They learned to wait, they learned to hate,
And mouth the silent curse.
They knew the tail would wag the dog,
And the horse would be drawn by the cart.
And the Devil cried, the Warder lied,
"All ri-i-i-ight! this is Art!"



WRITERS ARE WEIRD: BEWARE

Don't you remember
Shelley Winters in Lolita
when she finds pries
pokes around in the little
notebook where James
Mason wrote slivers
of feelings, chang'ng
like chunks of moo

Words are my guns ay
sharpest teeth pillows I
sleep right on and if you
don't want some squashed
pressed hard over your
mouth and nose so
you can't breathe,
don't pry

© Lyn Lifshin,
Nishazuna. N.Y.

LOCKED

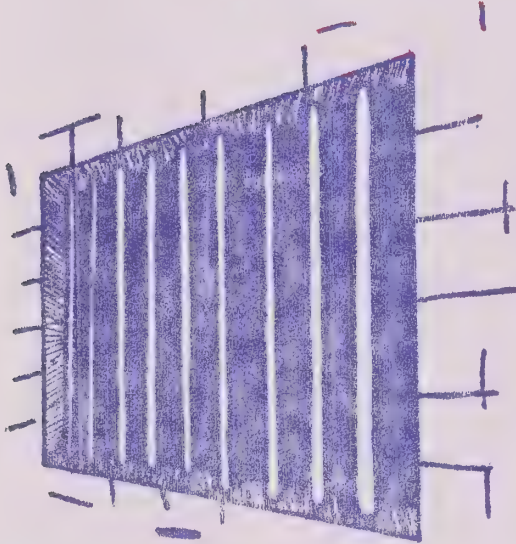
They bring you in
Cuffed
Shackled
Chained
And surrounded by armed guards

They take you behind electrical locked gates
Through electrical locked doors
Into a cellhouse where the thick steel door
Is triple-locked with massive locks

They place you in a cell
With one-inch steel bars set three inches apart
Lock the steel door with a massive lock
roll a steel socking bar across the front
of your steel cell door

And then come around every ten minutes
To see if you're still locked up.

© Roy Buise



FOR GARY GILMORE

Now that you have gotten what you most desired
we may take comfort in our indignation
at you and others like you.
Your story provides convincing proof
of what a bad man you were,
and that bad people should be kept separate from good people
because of the bad things bad people do to good people.
In particular you were not so extraordinary.
You were smarter than most, but you shared
their scars and death-row pallor,
the lost father and the penitentiary seminars,
their interest in reincarnation.
You had their interest, too, in the heroic.
We share your dedication to high romance
and think of the innocents
you shot through the head
think of them right up to the moment
we spring the trap, drop the pellet, throw the switch, pull the trigger
that kills our mother, father, sister, brother.

© Fraser Sutherland



DESTINATIONS

Lights out on the lock-in;
Heads are counted/voices die down.
Come attempts at release
Through masturbatory fantasies or
Dreams of one big score pme ;ast to,e'
Dostant fitires incertaom/

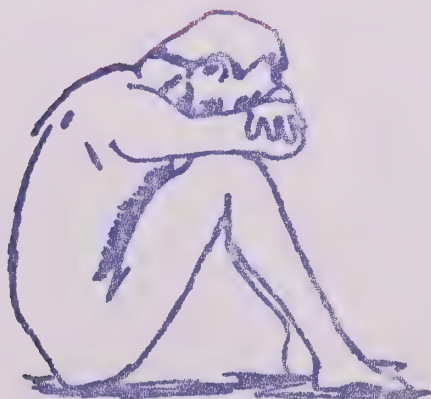
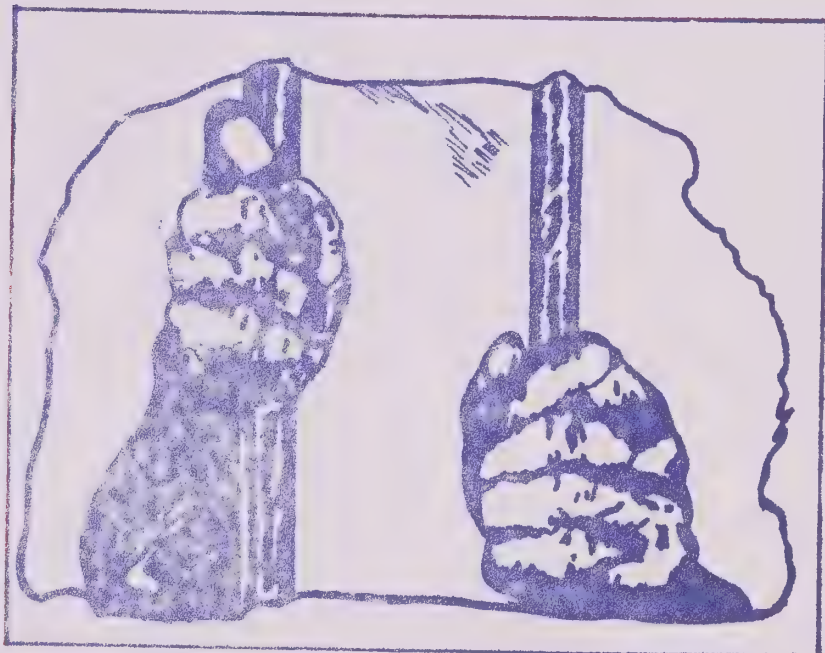
The prison machine has ground to a halt.
Thick dark silence broken now and then
By contented snores or muffled cries;
A double-jeopardy of incarcerated
Nightmares.

Minutes pass as hours;
Tomorrow seems so far away for the
Unlucky few who can't escape in sleep.
Confronted with a reality of the morning
Repeated as every yesterday.

STAYING

I seem to know
enough of what's
important most times
& the basics give me
very little trouble
usually & then once
in a while nothing
of a few odds &
ends that pop up
in between the
lines or under
the breaths of
those speaking a
minute like
a dig it or
my drift &
ear & out
as words
looking to be
by blank-
nodding
agreement with
just as empty

so & I
think to myself
so that's why
I don't understand
& wonder maybe I
can help get it down
with the right words or
meanings but
I give up knowing
the walls would
as much if
responsive.



CONFLICTING ANGLES

Stare at the camera, deadpan eyes
Hiding shame of social failures.
Mask resentment at flashing badges
Of pursuing bluecoats twice as old
And short of breath from years
Riding patrolcar shotgun through streets
O shady dealing and tax-free dollars.
Turn for the profile, chin up high
In thought of future successes
With better planning and faster escapes;
Detesting violence a righteous claim
Though victims unharmed are still deprived
By quests of ill-gained money
And a junkie's search for the elusive
Opiate Dream.

WITHIN/WITHOUT

a symphony
of slamming gates
and shouted
obscenities.
badge-wearing robots
in blue
with lock and key
mentalities.
wrists
permanently branded
with handcuff
impressions.
legal aid lawyers
who always have
something else to do.
mail calls without a
letter telephone
that go unanswered
lonely nights and
no love.



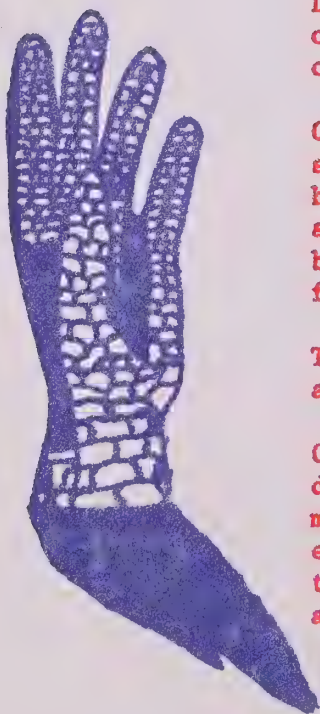
This Time For The State

Lonely losers
count the cracks in
concrete miles and broken hearts.

Clusters of green khaki
speak, sidelong glances and
hushed tones; claims to riches
and gangster fame,
backed with a plea
for a lock-in smoke.

The walls have seen and heark it
all through the years.

Cold bricks,
dusty and shattered windows,
memories clouded with
empty time; closing
the space inside,
aging in restrictive silence.



Rose Of Dresden Cont.

in the California prison business). They told about how they were in the process of converting the Black women to M/L thinking when suddenly their tank was invaded by several white Nazi biker mamas who immediately proceeded to usurp their powers and take the women converts on a dope, fuck and fun trip which the women seemed to devour and sort of left the Weather underground women feeling shortchanged. Shortly after the Nazi cum bikers came the jailers ordered the women that in the future they would be required to stand by their beds in order to receive their food trays. The Nazi women immediately bucked and told the police to get fucked and they agitated the other women to act in concert with them. Judy & Leslie and their converts to M/L politics (or whatever) refused to join the protest because they believed it served no purpose, was infantile and counter-productive. They were very principled, in my view, but dead wrong. Comrade George made it very clear to me that if they tell you to stand up to receive your breakfast tray you fight back. If the Nazis buck the police for any reason when you are all in the hole in prison everybody bucks. That is the reality of being in prison where they can do anything to you that you can't stop them from doing. They can kill the Nazis, but it would be a bit much to try and explain why everybody is dead (and besides, even some policemen have sense enough to realize that if they kill all the prisoners... their paychecks will stop.

I have no love for Nazis, but I do have a commitment to unity and survival. Judy & Leslie said disciplinary procedures consisted of loss of privileges such as loss of visits (gad), Phone calls (great scott), reading material and cigarettes confiscated (!), loss of use of the TV room (the brutes!?!). Actually I don't mean to be facetious but I have simply never been in such a place. Where they put me punishment consists of poison gas (CS, CN & Mace a/k/a Federal Streamer), beatings and death. Judy graduated with a fine arts degree from the U. of Penn. In 1976; Leslie is the daughter of a retired air force colonel, Peace Corps member in Afrika and she attended the U. of Washington. I don't mean to put them down because of their background (which would never allow the system that their parents are in to do bad things to them simply because they are not the children of the poor), but the point I am so laboriously trying to make is this; I love and support these people but we do not look out windows of ever remotely similar experiences. The L.A. Five is back on the streets now - even Clayton Van Lydegriff. Bernadine Doherty, Bill Ayers and Mark Rudd, to name only a few are alive and kicking and are on the streets or soon will be and it is all due to their background. I know they can't help their background any more than I can help mine but that's the way things are.

Sophisticated M/L politics are fine in theory if the police just deny you time in the TV room and take your shit away, but if you ever wake up in the belly of the beast - I mean in the bowels of the monster - you better seriously consider the dichotomy of cops and robbers and save your intellectual constructs for when you get out - if ever. If you're never gonna get out - like I'm never gonna do - then the name of the game is survival without prostituting your principals which are radically different from people who have never lived true repression where they may take your life as the price of retaining your principals. Try and touch as many people as possible who are going to get out and hope the Spirit of Total Resistance will make Lion Warriors out of them.

The strongest and most effective political alliance I have ever known was comprised of two original people, a Sunni Muslim, a member of the World Community of Islam, a member of the Black Guerilla Family, a member of the BLA, a Mexican, a Chicano and nine whites, two of whom were members of the Aryan Brotherhood, the rest being M/L, anarchist and just plain old mean lumpen. The only thing we had in common is we were all poor people who had the hell of the police too long on our heads. Not all of us prisoners are very smart but we can usually tell when the man is just fucking over us. The reality we face in jail is that there are few folks who are going to survive on correct political lines and the only rallying cry with any possibilities is "Come Together" and "Let's get the policemen's foot off our collective heads!"

This may sound a little strange, but if the policeman is going to deal out any misery I want to be sure and get my issue and if he brings the food cold and everybody wants it hot, the policeman are going to have to wade through all the cold food on the floor until they decide they want to bring it hot. But if only three out of, say, eighteen prisoners want hot food, those three are going to get their brains scrambled by colonial violence. "FOR ME, the world is divided into a very simple dichotomy;"

A Short Road Cont.

"The other is that the board will give inmates in writing its reasons for arriving at a certain decision."

Mr. Outerbridge also stressed that the parole service supervises inmates on mandatory supervision and has the power to suspend them, while "the national parole board is the body that has been given the authority by law to revoke paroles. These are two separate institutions and it is a very, very important distinction."

He acknowledged that accusations made by unidentified people are used against inmates during hearings. But he said a thorough investigation is done to make certain the accusations are true.

He added that he has heard all "the horror stories" about mandatory supervision. "But you have to look at the substance of what has been said. Sure there are stupid parole officers, but by and large most of the parole officers I've talked to slug their ass off for the men on parole."

Mr. Kaplan, the Solicitor-General, said he is not prepared to accept "the view that there is an element of malice in the revocation of mandatory supervision."

Once his staff has completed its detailed study of mandatory supervision, Mr. Kaplan said, "I intend to make it public." Then the department will decide what to do about mandatory supervision.

Mr. Arbuckle said that in looking at the present system the government must remember that sooner or later a convict will have to be released outright — even if only when his full sentence is over.

"We have to ask ourselves what kind of a man will be coming out, especially after he has been sent back a couple of times when he was an mandatory supervision for some of the stuff he gets sent back for. You can only expect he'll come out even more hostile."

Bruce MacDonald said that when his brother's freedom was revoked he couldn't believe they were sending him back.

"He wasn't getting into trouble at home. He mostly stayed in his room and kept to himself. . . ."

"Why didn't the parole people tell us if they were so concerned and ask us if we knew where he was? I'll tell you why: Because they knew he was at home. And when they issued the warrant they knew exactly where to send the police. It was a set up."

"If his parole officer had called and told us what he wanted Henry to do, I would have made sure he got treatment. I would have driven Henry to London. It's only an hour away."

"And how can they justify sending him to Millhaven if they knew he needed psychiatric help?"

"... Henry had changed. He had regressed. He was like a scared 14-year-old kid. He needed help. Instead he got stabbed 19 times by some maniac in Millhaven, all because he wanted to come home."

INMATE REFUSES TO LEAVE PRISON

Richard Quarrington believes that if he is to be released from prison he should at least be given a fighting chance to stay out.

The 20-year-old convict, who is in the maximum-security prison at Millhaven near Kingston, can leave anytime he wants because he has earned his release under mandatory supervision.

But Mr. Quarrington has refused to venture beyond the electronically controlled gates of Millhaven because he feels mandatory supervision would simply end with him back in prison soon after he is released.

He was sentenced to three years and a month for armed robbery in 1978. In the past two years, he has earned 374 days of a possible 375 days off his sentence for "applying himself industriously" while in prison.

Last January, he was refused parole because the parole board felt he was incapable of functioning as a responsible member of society.

Now, however, the law says he must be allowed out if he chooses, even if parole officials still think he is not ready.

In an interview at the prison, Mr. Quarrington said his biggest objection to accepting release is that he would have to be supervised by officers of the same parole system that "only 10 months ago denied me release. They said I was irresponsible. Now they're saying I'm all right to go out. Well I haven't changed in that time."

He said he believes the parole board would be biased in handling his case.

"I feel that it definitely would, and that as a result I would be caught up in the treadmill of release-revocation, release-revocation, as infinitum, as this is so blatantly obvious in the mandatory supervision program as it now stands."

Mr. Quarrington considers that the 374 days by which his sentence could be shortened were earned and should have no strings attached. "Where I ~~to~~ accept release under mandatory supervision, I would have to serve this 374 days under restrictive and punitive conditions of mandatory parole, subject at any time to return to prison at the whim. . . off a parole officer."

The young convict also argues that normal social conduct often can be a violation of release conditions. "Were Jesus Christ himself on mandatory supervision, he would have violated his conditions for drinking wine at the last supper, consorting with known criminals and probably for going out of his 25-mile radius of the city in which he lived. And he is said to have been perfect."

Mr. Quarrington said he knows he would be returned if he left prison on mandatory parole. "I wouldn't follow their stupid rules. I live in Ottawa and my mother lives in Guelph. Just watch me start asking some parole officer every time I want to visit her."

"I'll stay here until I have only a little time left, maybe six months. I don't want any stupid hassles that will shove me back in here and make me even more bitter than I am already."



LAUBACH

"Reading For The Beginner"

by "Willie the Weasel"

The time has come for some attention to be paid the effort made by the education department of this institution to deal with the BIG problem of crime in Atlantic Canada. As many of the readers will realize, the average guy in Springhill Institution is approximately 20-years old, and has no real achievement in education. It's called functional illiteracy!! There are a huge number of people in this country who cannot really read or write adequately. They might be expected in some of the lesser developed countries of the world, but I ask you, do you think of Canada as a country with massive numbers of her population who can't read, or fill out a form to get employment, or find a name in a phone book/// Well, as surprising as it may seem, there are thousands in Atlantic Canada alone, according to the laubach people of this province.

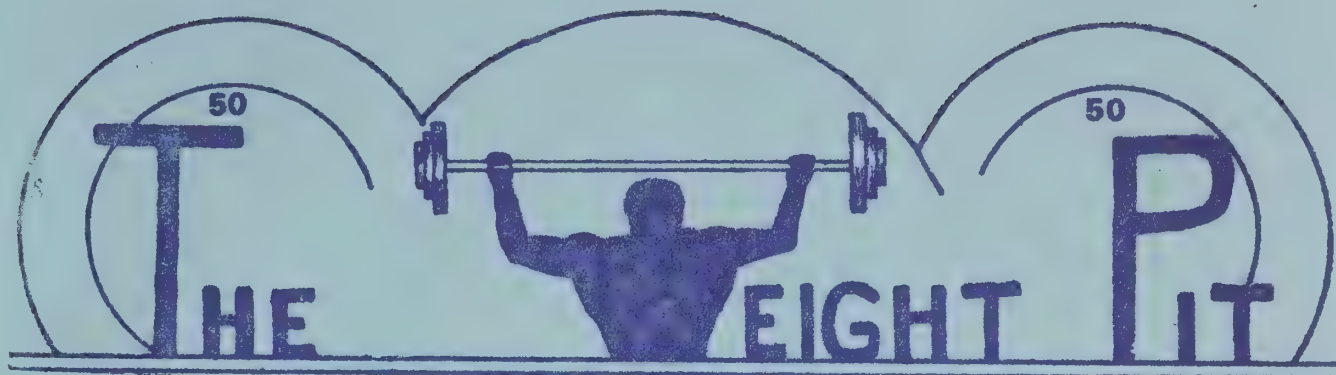
So, you ask, what is being done then/ For the past couple of years here at Springhill there has been a program designed to correct this problem by employing the world famous methods of Dr. Laubach, who developed the method of individual tutoring called: "Each one Teach one." It involves a tutor who has recieved specific training, teaching a non-reader on a one-to-one basis until the student has developed the skills of reading and writing to the degree that he can teach another, himself.

One man who has been interested in this program ever since the days when Joe Basha, was the inmate tutor, has been Mr. Pat O'Brien. Since Mr. O'Brien is the educational supervisor, this program has been a serious component of the educational facilities available to the inmates in this institution. There have been a lot of different tutors, and recently another tutor left to continue his life in Halifax. Dave Howe will truly be missed by the number of guys he has befriended during the time he was helping them learn to read and write. The new fellow is Jim Sellars, who has been at it for the past month, and who has driven the numbers up to an even dozen students, who are learning in both official languages.

We know there are many guys out there who need the help this service offers, maybe they are shy or something, there is no need to be, and there is lots of room for more guys who want to take the time to get serious about learning, the most important skill a person can have in this modern world of ours.

Some congradulations are due the education department of the institution, for the effort they have made to keep this important project a top priority item around here.





by J.E.Sellars

A new development has taken place here at the gym. Not only are a lot more guys getting involved, but new equipment is trickling into the place too!!

What am I talking about? The weight training activities, weight-lifters and all that!!

Yes, there is a new organization recently come on the scene... The inmate organized and supported weight training club....It's a club started by a few like-interested guys who perceived a need for more attention and support for the sport of their particular choice. These fellows had noticed that, other than the basic availability of equipment, and this being the case, had been here for the past ten years, there was no attention paid the interests of the large number of men who took part in this sport. The feelings ran strongly enough for these men to want to establish their own club.

Some of the arguments that are raised by these men, is that there is no real training available for people who would like to learn weight training, nor is there anyone employed by the institution who could provide the service. Furthermore, there isn't any appreciation of the need for safety in this sport.

The recreation staff have taken to the idea of a real club format for this activity, and lent some serious support to the fledgling organization. The guys want to have more time allotted to weight training and more space too!! They say that one should realize that the guys who get involved in weight training, gain all kinds of self-improvement besides the size and pride that goes with getting in good shape. They also would have you note, that there are more men, on a more constant basis, who are involved in this sport than any other "two" sports, because they work at it all year long.

There was a meeting held for those interested, and some forty men showed up to give their support. There was a discussion as to whether there should be some kind of dues paid by the men interested in becoming members the consensus was unanimous, all the guys present agreed that the dues could give the club some strength, and would help weed out the people who were only interested in their own ends, rather than meeting the needs of a real organized club.

Some of the rewards that are expected, are worth mention. The officers of the club hope to have time set aside for the serious weight-lifters, so they can work out every day of the year, if they want. Also banquets and awards are soon to be considered.

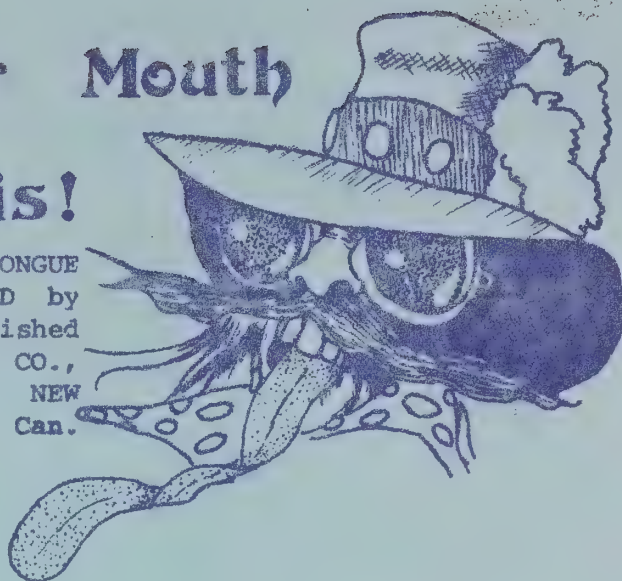
P.S. Some thanks are owed to P. Campbell and M. Reddick for the work they have done to date to get this ball rolling.

Thanks from all of us who like to train, guys!!!

Wrap Your Mouth

Around This!

Taken from THE BIGGEST TONGUE
TWISTER BOOK IN THE WORLD by
Gyles Brandreth and published
by STERLING PUBLISHING CO.,
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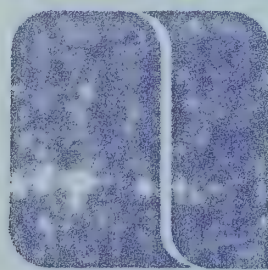
*A fly flew past Flo's flat,
And a fly flew past fat Flo.
Is the fly that flew past flo
The same fly that flew past fat Flo's flat?*

*Good, better, best.
Never let it rest,
Till your good is better
And your better best.*

*George Gabs grabs crabs,
Crabs George Gabs grabs
If George Gabs grabs crabs
Where are the crabs
George Gabs grabs?*

*A twister of twists
Once twisted a twist,
And the twist that he twisted
Was a three-twisted twist,
Now in twisting this twist,
If a twist should untwist,
The twist that untwisted
Would untwist the twist.*

*If one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor
who doctors the doctor doctor the doctor the way the
doctor he is doctoring doctors? Or does he doctor
the doctor the way the doctor who doctors doctors?*



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